Week ending September 29 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

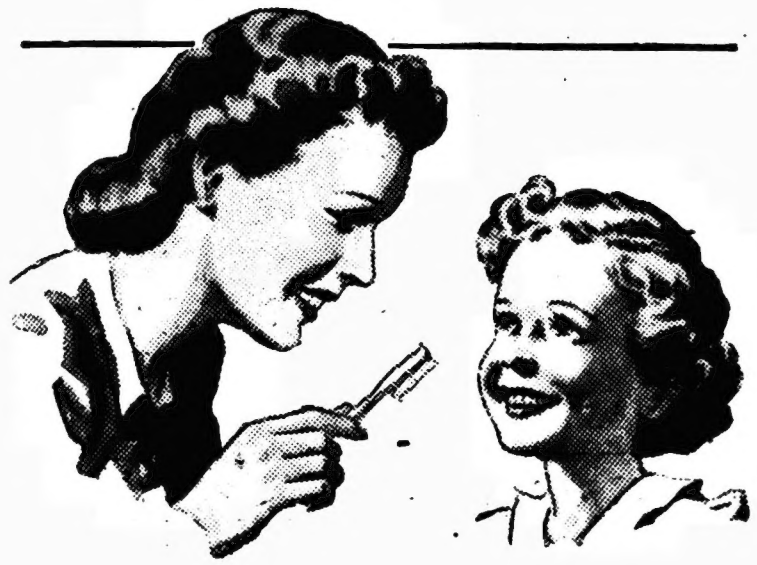
Every Thursday

HAS STALIN SURRENDERED?

by the
Dean of Canterbury
See page 8

SHE GUARDS HER

magnesia smile...



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PEACE AND PROSPERITY
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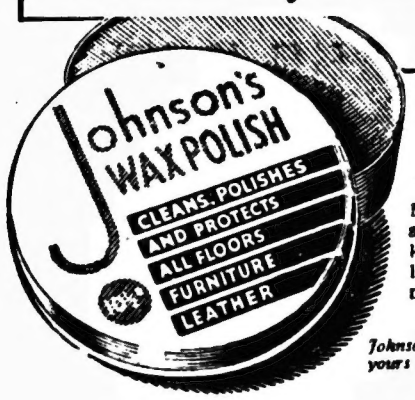

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Millions of women say that this amazing Johnson's Wax Polish keeps all floors, furniture and leather — bright, sparkling and mirror-like — and it's non-greasy! In tins 10½d. and 1/6.

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"IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF"

What is life like in the new temporary houses?

Mrs. Northing says: 'I love it, Mr. Therm. Everything's nice and handy. And it's a smashing gas cooker — so easy to use and clean. It gives you the heart to do things.'

BRITISH GAS COUNCIL, LONDON, S.W.1. (4c)

September 29 1945 JOHN BULL Volume 78 Number 2050 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2433

Without Fear or Favour

FIDDLING WHILE EUROPE FESTERS

THEY FIDDLE with frontiers while Europe festers. They mark nice, neat dotted lines on maps while men, women and children die by the tens of thousands. They solemnly talk the jargon of tourist guide - books; they assert ancient historical tags as truths worthy of urgent present consideration.

This is the level of international discussion at the moment. This is the truth behind the conference of Foreign Ministers in London.

The atomic bomb does not exist! Two world wars have not been fought! We are back in the days of Viennese waltz diplomacy when statesmen wined, dined and danced (if they were young enough) as the real business between interludes of polite discussion that doomed humbler folk to the misery and sacrifice of redeeming the crazy decisions of their betters.

SUMMER YIELDS to autumn; autumn retreats before the early winter winds. And with real winter there will come a Europe so hideous that men will shrink in writing or thinking about it.

Millions of hunger-crazed human beings, growing heaps of dead and dying; chaos and anarchy; the thin wail of the starving child—the rattle of rifle-fire against rioters. All this is but part of the picture of Europe in the near future.

And we argue about frontiers! The nations devote their best brains to shilly-shallyings of petty prestige and petty possessions. Attlee, Truman and Stalin—Bevin, Byrnes and Molotov.

Cannot they do better than this? Are they unable to think and act for the salvation of Europe in terms of humanity rather than the miserable academics of boundary squabbles?

We know they can act and think as the situation demands. We ask them to do so. To all of them—we say a starving Europe, plunged into anarchy, will sooner or later bring us down with it.

This is the basic truth. It must be recognised now if the world is to be saved from disaster.

The Editor

Shinwell Ready for a Fight

Horner: Little Man, Giant's Job. Millboy D.F.C. for Parliament? Army Church Parades to Go. Mothers Need More Food. Blunt Words to Publicans. New Sports Craze

HAULING OF ABSENTEE miners before the magistrates is ending. Instead, offending colliers will have their cases considered by their own comrades from the coal-face. We welcome the change. We were never impressed by the argument that more coal was brought up as more miners "went down."

Legal action was often justified. Only flagrant offenders were prosecuted. But the general result was bad. Our coal-miners are neighbourly people; they usually live in tightly knit communities. When a workmate was fined or went to jail they were instinctively resentful.

And when, as often happened, some magistrate who didn't know a coalcutter from a lawnmower took it upon himself to lecture the offender in particular, and miners in general, they were furious. Understandably so.

Shinwell Starts

Before the end of the year Shinwell promises he will pilot through Parliament overdue legislation to nationalise the mines. Opposition M.P.s will fight the proposals with everything they have.

Shinwell, one-time leader of Glasgow's ever-turbulent workers, lightning-witted, bitter-tongued, looks forward to the fray.

Meantime, he asks for maximum loyalty and maximum hard work from all in the industry. He is entitled to have both—on behalf of the nation.

Horner—N.C.P.D.!

At Shinwell's decidedly left hand is Arthur Horner; little man with a giant job. As National Coal Production Director, appointed by the National Executive of the Mineworkers, he will lead the increased output drive.

An active Communist, imprisoned twice during the last war for refusing to obey military orders, Horner was elected checkweighman (a statutory post in the pits which the miners themselves fill) while still in prison.

The miners of Mardy gave Horner that first big chance in Trade Unionism.

He got the leadership of the South Wales miners when Jim Griffiths, now Minister of National Insurance, had to resign on becoming an M.P. Now, at the age of fifty-one, he will be calling upon his ardent supporters in South Wales to set an example in record coal-getting.

Super Stakhanovite

The industry needs youth. Horner is telling the young folk in the mining areas that the old era of brutal injustice, poverty conditions and outdated technique in the coal industry is ended.

"Become a Stakhanovite!" he says to the young coalminer. Stakhanov, a Russian miner, set up the highest personal coal production figure of all time and became a Soviet hero.

Horner speaks here with knowledge. He has visited Russia many times. He made a special study of Soviet production methods.

Given the clear understanding they are working primarily for the nation, not for private profit, Horner is certain British miners will respond to output calls just as well as the Russians.

Blow for Blimps

AT LONG LAST! Compulsory Army church parades are to be abolished. Minister of War Jack Lawson will sign their death warrant on his return home from S.E.A.C. Soldiers will rejoice; army padres with sense agree; only the blimps who used church parades as an excuse for spit-and-polish orgies will be broken-hearted. Who cares? We don't.

Of course, the Army Council has to move cautiously in revolutionary measures like this. So for the time being, local commanders have been given the option of the Sunday parade or not-to-parade.

Padres, particularly the younger ones, have long been trying to tell the Army that compulsory church parades were a sheer mockery, disliked by the men, harmful to real religion.

HERBERT LEHMAN

● **Director-General of UNRRA, is a banker with a social conscience.**

During the ten years when he was Democratic Governor of New York he introduced unemployment insurance, old-age security, minimum wage scales; broke the power of the big racketeers, and cleaned-up both State and City politics.

At the end of 1943 he resigned his Governorship at President Roosevelt's personal request to shoulder the gigantic task of bringing help to the devastated countries of Europe and Asia.

The first part of that job—returning millions of displaced persons to their homes—has been tackled with astonishing efficiency. The next and even more difficult task is to find food for a starving Continent.

If UNRRA fails to avert widespread famine in Europe it will not be the fault of its able and energetic director. It will be the fault of the Governments without whose wholehearted support Mr. Lehman is powerless to act.

Battlefield to Business

THE GOVERNMENT is also wise to relax the conditions under which the owner of a small business can secure release from the Forces. Behind the decision is a story of M.P.s' bulging demobilisation mail, with small business hardships dominating the letters.

We supported the M.P.s' demands. Applicants whose previous attempts at release failed should note an important point. Their cases will not be reviewed automatically. They must be re-submitted.

"I SHALL ALWAYS BE IN YOUR DEBT"

writes Mrs. E. Mayor, of Liverpool, in acknowledging cheque paid under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance following a fire at her home.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader a £1,000 Fire insurance as well as many other invaluable Household Benefits.

Mother's Meat Ration

THE MEDICAL RESEARCH COUNCIL is worried about mother. It has just issued a survey showing that housewives compare unfavourably with most of the population in health. They are not getting a proper quota of blood-forming foods.

Our own doctor explains why. The child's ration, he says, particularly in meat, is quite inadequate. So mother makes up by sacrificing her own meat among other rations.

From the medical viewpoint, mother's real need is greatest; as usual, she is content with least. A useful step to end this will be the raising of children's meat ration to adult level at the earliest possible date. This is the medical view. We agree.

Release the Doctors

AUTUMN'S DANK DAYS are bringing chills and coughs.

Winter's dark days will threaten worse ills.

Six years strain of war, whatever official spokesman may suggest, have not been good for our health. For most of us, our stamina is not what it was.

The ranks of civilian doctors have been thinned by retirement and death. The middle-aged and elderly men left in practice are grossly overworked and fatigued.

Yet doctors in uniform are unemployed. They write to medical journals to complain that "allowing for cups of tea, we could make our day's work spin out for three-quarters of an hour."

Compare This

The Army has half-a-dozen doctors to do the work of one.

The R.A.F., even though its peace time casualties are mercifully low, recently insisted on keeping its war time ratio of 23 doctors for every 10,000 airmen.

Compare this with the rate of seven doctors for every 10,000 civilians.

No excuse can be found for the Brass-hats' reluctance to release the professional men so urgently required to serve the whole public. Further delay may well make the need desperate.

Situations Filled

WE ARE RELIABLY INFORMED that there is no danger of ex-Ministers going on "the dole" or applying for public relief. Big business has welcomed their return.

Sir Andrew Duncan, M.P., formerly Minister of Supply, was chairman of the British Iron and Steel Federation before the war. He drew a modest competence of £8,000 a year. Now back at his old job, his new pay-packet is £12,000.

Also successful in keeping any number of wolves from the door is Lord Woolton. No longer Minister of Food, he returned to preside over Lewis's, Ltd. So that time will not lie too heavily on his hands, he has also joined the boards of the Birmingham Small Arms Co., Ltd., and the Birmingham Railway Carriage and Wagon Co.

Under-Lyne Line-up

SIR WILLIAM JOWITT goes to the Lords. So Ashton-under-Lyne (Lancashire) prepares for the polls again. It will be

a headline-making contest. Notoriously a "pendulum" seat, Sir William's majority for Labour on July 26 was 3,394 over Conservative Captain G. Goodhart.

Post-General Election apathy and natural demobilisation disappointments give some ground for the local Conservative view that they have a first-rate chance of the first gain from Labour. Labour forces foretell a tough fight.

Millowner Socialist

Labour's candidate is Lt.-Col. Hervey Rhodes, who nearly won nearby Royton, a Tory stronghold, at the General Election.

Starting work at the age of twelve in the mill, Rhodes fought through the last war; came out with D.F.C. and bar —and a gratuity.

He bought a shack and installed four looms. Now, age forty-nine, he has three woollen mills at Saddleworth.

Sir Robert Cary, surprise choice of the Conservative Party, was Eccles' M.P. for ten years. Sqdr.-Leader Alver Beale, D.F.C., a former musician, is the Liberal candidate.

Blackshirt Birthplace

Ashton has specialised in spectacular by-elections. One of them saw the birth of a political monstrosity—the British Union of Fascists. That was in April, 1931. The sitting Labour member died. Sir Oswald Mosley had just formed his "New Party."

He decided to fight the election with Allan Young as his candidate. Mosley concentrated on getting Labour votes for his man. Young polled 4,472. He was well at the bottom of the poll, but he helped the Conservatives to beat Labour's Jack Gordon by 1,415.

On to Holloway

There was an angry scene after the declaration of the result.

Labour's supporters bluntly accused Mosley of being out to destroy Labour. Mosley, bitterly resenting the complete failure of his candidate, replied with equal anger That moment marked the end of all Mosley's professions of democratic belief.

From then on, Mosley marched rapidly to the political degeneracy of Fascism—and Holloway Jail.

Huddersfield's H-of-C!

CITIZENS IN HUDDERSFIELD who believe young people should be seen but not heard are fighting a losing battle. On Sunday (November 4) over 250 members of local youth clubs will meet to approve the constitution of their "Youth Parliament."

Clubs with 100 members will have two "M.P.s"—those with more constituents will elect three. A Cabinet, Speaker and Clerk will be appointed. "Parliament" will meet regularly to discuss national and local matters.

We congratulate the youth clubs on their refusal to bar political discussions. Why should they? By all means let our young folk argue politics in their own democratic organisations. It is good for them—and good for us. But we are not so keen on the World Youth Conference, as you will gather by our article on page 7.

More Moaning at the Bar

A FORTNIGHT AGO (JOHN BULL, September 8) we demanded a square deal for Britain's beer-drinkers and a firm hand with "absentee" publicans. Action has followed swiftly. In Manchester, where our comments are always carefully noted, the justices have issued a blunt warning to the pubs with-the-ever-closed doors.

"Do better, or lose your licence," say the justices At Kingston-on-Thames publicans have been told that if they wish to close they must notify the justices' clerk and give reasons. If closing for the whole day, they must first notify their brewery.

Good! Our aim is not only to protect customers. We want fair play for the public-spirited publican who has to carry the burden of supplying disappointed would-be patrons of the lazy licensee.

Should Coal and Coke Cost so Much?

WHY is there a difference of 38s. a ton in the price of coal between pit-head and the merchant's yard?

Since coal retailers do not publish their trading figures, it is difficult to say how far distribution costs are excessive. But the term "merchant's margin" possibly includes elements that should properly be classified as profits.

Thus, in some figures given in 1938 to the Monckton Commitee by the Coal Merchants' Federation, "merchant's margin" accounted on average for 29 per cent. of the selling price. Rail charges took 21 per cent. and the remaining 50 per cent. represented the price at the pit-head.

Unfortunately, nowhere are the figures for merchant's margin analysed. They varied from 13s. 8d. to 12s. 5d. per ton in the cases quoted above, and may well include "directors' fees" and similar items that are really profits.

The price of coke has risen even more than that of coal, because 1½ tons of coal are needed to produce 1 ton of coke. Therefore, until recently, each increase in coal prices was followed by an increase for coke 1½ times as great.

By this means the price of gas was kept down. But now the increase on coke is being checked by slight rises in the price of gas and of other by-products of coal.

Cash from Kunden

CONSIDER THE PHILANTHROPY of Mr. D. Kunden. His kindness shines out—a beacon in a cruel world. He has £1,000 which he wants to give away. He invites co-operation in deciding who shall have it.

His advertisements describe a door-to-door scheme for selling blocks of lottery tickets at 2s. each. Would-be sellers have to send him £4 10s. before they get the tickets. Successful sales will give them a profit of £45 10s. The man or woman who buys the winning ticket is promised the £1,000.

It is typical of Mr. Kunden's shy, retiring nature that he uses a monemark address to conceal his real abode. But, though kind hearted, we cannot think kindly of Mr. Kunden's curious scheme. Anyway, didn't we read somewhere that lotteries are illegal?

Bike Battles

BICYCLE POLO is the new sports craze. Crystal Palace Football Club, among others, believes it has a big future. Percy Sharper, the Club's chairman, is planning to put the sport over in his usual dynamic style.

We saw our first match recently, and were not impressed. The helmeted tough young men on their weird low-built machines with specially abbreviated handlebars, enjoyed themselves immensely. After a few minutes, being relieved of our anxiety that at least one fractured skull would result from the lustily swung clubs, we settled down—to boredom.

Still, anything can happen in sport. Speedway racing in its early days seemed unlikely to sweep Britain. It did. On the other hand, chariot racing died a quick death. Who are we to predict the fate of the latest sporting fad?

Pity for Shopkeepers

WITH ALL THE CRITICISM of shopkeepers, one of them writes to us, it is fair to say that they deserve sympathy.

Irksome enough, no doubt, to have to weigh up old age pensioners' half ounces of tea. But the new soap rationing scheme must be the limit. This, briefly, is the method:

"Two squares equal one coupon. One coupon equals two rations, except certain numbers which are worth only one ration. Coupons marked 'Special T' equal one ration, starting from numb 9, which means coupons 27 to 52 disappear." And so on.

Sympathise? We marvel.

We are Envious

HAVE YOU SEEN American stam lately? Throughout the war th have been commemorating, and fin Uncle Sam's fighting achievements. T battle for Iwojima provides a rec example.

Here the U.S. also provides example for us. Surely it would not too costly and difficult a matter Britain to give postage stamp remind of our own great contributions to common cause?

Rackets Revival

VICTORY WAS NOT IN VAIN! Manufa turers of tennis balls, the w rubber pre-war beauties, have cir larised clubs announcing post-war p duction plans, with first deliveries ea next year.

They will be rationed, of course, w first priority to players who for the ti being are servicing, so to speak, foreign courts.

Best tennis news is the decision the Lawn Tennis Association to h improve the standards of junior pl Elementary schools will be included a national coaching scheme.

Forehand Fred

Tennis used to be the delight of snobs; the basic excuse for nice mid class tea parties. Not so now. It i national game, with municipal ten courts as its backbone.

In our youth we lived near Stockp We heard vague stories of a young who was a tennis terror on the lo courts. He had no money, but how could play when he got the chance!

We heard a lot about him sub quently—when he was wiping up world's champions at Wimbledon. P Perry was the name. His father, M.P. Sam Perry, recently retired fr active Labour politics.

NO FLOWERS

CHILDREN OF MONSTERS

HEINDRICH FRAENKEL tackles the most difficult problem in Europe—how to bring up German children to believe their Nazi fathers were criminals and deserved their punishment

HAD KRAMER, the "Beast of Belsen," any children? We do not know. But when the many thousand Nazi criminals, and small, have met their fate, they will tainly leave a good many children behind em—children whose rightful claim to a r start in life is as indisputable as was our ht to send their fathers to the gallows.

Here is the hard core of that great prob- n, "German re-education." Every one of ese children will be our charge. They st be dealt with individually.

If there is no reliable mother or relative ailable the child must rank as an orphan. the child is very young and the father's me particularly notorious, a change of me might be a mercy; but thorniest of all l be the cases of children, still quite young, old enough to remember their father as object of hero-worship.

No Mass Orphanages

How would you seek to convince such a ld that his father was rightfully and ervedly hanged? Ask yourself that ques- n, and you have pierced the heart of our oblem.

It is a heartbreaking morass of evil tradi- n which faces us. What, for instance, can done for those children who are the pro- cts of Himmler's "breeding factories." Of ir parents nothing is known except that father was most likely an S.S. man.

There are innumerable orphans in rmany, probably several millions. Once y are sorted out—in itself a staggering job, which a start has just recently been made he most simple and obvious solution, it ht seem, would be to dump them all in e orphanages.

But if that is the simplest course to take, s also undoubtedly the worst.

Mass appeal, mass handling, was the chief i technique. We must not work the Nazi . To root out the poison planted in all se young minds will be a task calling for g, patient and devoted service. It can er be done in any kind of mass institute, er mind how wise its rules and regulations. an only be done by constant contact with sible adults on a hundred small occasions veryday life—adults who can be severe as l as understanding.

Family Atmosphere

Perhaps this can work the miracle of nsformation. Nothing else will.

The best thing for a child is to grow up in ealthy family life, the next best thing to adopted into a good home. Since for a at many German children neither course ossible, an alternative must be found. We ll have to organise some sort of *ersatz* ilies.

Reliable men or women, preferably mar- d couples, must be asked to take care of

Somehow we must undo the evil work of Himmler. There are millions of German boys and girls whose fathers were war criminals — bullies and torturers, without pity and without conscience, Gauleiters, Brownshirts, S.S. men. These children must be taught to loathe the Nazi doctrines, to resist any future attempt to dragoon them into Fascism, above all to think for themselves.

anything from, say, six to ten children living under the same roof like brothers and sisters. While such an arrangement would certainly have to be financially supported by the local German authorities, it need by no means be a full-time job for the couple in charge, certainly not for the man.

After all, people do manage to run large families of their own and to attend to their jobs at the same time.

As for schooling, we shall find German children at a very low level.

Shortage of Books and Teachers

During the last year or two of the régime school was restricted to at most eighteen hours a week. Those children over 14 who came under the "Total Mobilisation" order in the summer of 1944, received much less, often nothing at all. After the surrender, schools had to be completely closed for several months, and it is only now, incredible difficulties having been surmounted, that schools can be reopened in anything approaching significant numbers.

By October, if all goes well, the number may be substantially increased. But many of the difficulties will remain for a long time.

Not one of the Nazi text-books can safely be used, and very few of the teachers who taught under the Hitler régime should be re-employed.

There is an appalling shortage of reliable teachers, a problem which cannot be finally solved until an entirely new generation of young Germans has been raised, and the better types among them chosen for the teaching profession.

In the meantime, makeshifts will be inevitable. The reliable teachers will each have to take extremely large classes.

This need not worry us unduly. In exorcising the worst of the Nazi poison, sound opinions and strength of character will be far better qualifications than any number of diplomas or degrees. At all costs, no teacher should be employed concerning whose political reliability there is the least doubt.

This means we shall have to rely, to some extent at least, on talented amateur teachers —persons of good education and deep faith who are willing to shoulder the burden of guiding the Nazi youngsters and thus reshaping the new generation.

Text-books are a tremendous problem. At present schools are still using some pre-Hitler books. This may be a good enough makeshift; but in the long run it won't work, for even at best this material cannot contain what is most essential of all—a direct antidote to the poison already spread by the books now discarded.

Until entirely new sets of text-books can be provided some day-to-day method of work must be devised.

Perhaps the best solution of the difficulty is the *Lehrgespräch*.

These are brief explanations in dialogue form. They can be quickly produced by scores on every conceivable subject, varying in level according to the pupils age-group.

These little dialogues are not meant to be learned by heart, but rather to serve as a pattern for an intelligent teacher who wishes to make his class argue the subject in their own way.

This particular form of teaching would actually make a virtue of necessity; for it is, precisely, free reasoning which the Nazis destroyed throughout all their schools and universities, so that if the absence of books necessitates the Socratic method, this in itself will teach German children the very thing that was taboo under the Nazi régime: the urge and ability of thinking for oneself, the joy of argument.

Civilised Education

To follow up this thrusting of the awakened minds there should be debating societies in the upper forms of every school.

Our task, to put it bluntly, is to reverse everything the Nazis have done.

The Nazis deliberately destroyed family life—we must give it every chance of regeneration.

The Nazis have taught the children callous brutality—we must teach them the simple ordinary decencies of civilised life.

The Nazis taught them blind obedience—we must teach them to think for themselves and to understand what and why they obey.

The Nazis taught them the lust of destruction—our task is to teach them the joy of constructive work.

OPEN LETTERS

Miss L. Rendel,

Honorary Director, Caldecott Community

DEAR MADAM,—Your report on the haphazard arrangements in this country for taking care of children deprived of a normal home life should make every decent citizen pause and think.

There are at least 100,000 such children in Britain to-day—orphans, destitute and illegitimate children, children neglected or deserted by their parents, crippled children, mental defectives and the children of mental defectives, and those whose homes have been broken up by separation or divorce.

What happens to them is largely a matter of pure chance.

They may be adopted into good families, or boarded out by local authorities. They may be taken into orphanages, large or small, supported by charity, or maintained by the State. They may be sent to special homes or approved schools or dumped in desperation on to county workhouses.

There is no central authority charged with the responsibility of dealing with the problem as a whole.

Some cases come directly under the Ministry of Pensions, some pass through the courts some are dealt with by local authorities.

Voluntary homes are registered with the Home Office but inspected (if at all) by the Ministry of Health.

The Home Office runs the approved schools; the Ministry of Education schools for the physically and mentally defective.

Everywhere there is overlapping, confusion, no clear central direction, no properly organised plan.

It is more than time this chaos was cleared up. Children need proper protection, a sense of security, and a reasonable measure of human affection Otherwise we can expect nothing but a steady increase in the ranks of delinquency and crime

The case is urgent, and the first step towards its solution is clear.

The muddle at the centre must be straightened out. One single Government authority must be set up to co-ordinate every form of provision for children who are deprived of normal home life.

It must see that these facilities are adequate and of the right kind. And it must arrange for every child to get the kind of considerate help most suited to its own particular case.—JOHN BULL.

James Turner, Esq.,

President, National Farmers' Union

DEAR SIR,—For the last six years our farmers have prospered. They have worked hard. They have improved their methods. But their prosperity has largely been due to assured markets and Government subsidies.

With the change-over to peace time economy, everyone is agreed that British agriculture must not again be allowed to fall into decay. But not everybody is persuaded that the only way to avoid that is to put high taxes on imported food, or continue to pay out huge Government subsidies.

In Denmark and New Zealand, the two countries where farming was most prosperous before the war, the farmers helped themselves. They formed their own co-operatives to collect, process and market their products. They sold butter and cheese, meat and vegetables that were not only cheap but famous for high quality. Yet they made it pay.

They had got out of the hands of the middlemen.

Why cannot British farmers do the same?—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

Co-operation

ONE PLUS ONE should equal two; but all too often when it is a case of one human being plus another human being the result is not two at all, but more like half a dozen.

This sounds a bit cryptic, but if you think you will agree that it is what happens, more often than not, when anyone is misguided enough to accept an offer to give someone else advice.

The trouble, you see, is that the person who asks advice very rarely wants it; what he wants is encouragement and agreement. He wants flattery. That, no doubt, is what led someone to say: "Experience keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other, and scarce even in that, for it is true we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct. They will not be counselled who cannot be helped."

That is the trouble. We cannot give conduct.

And so few of us are willing to be co-operative. To co-operate means sinking a good deal of our own desires and our own personalities. We have not only to give: we have also to be willing to receive. It sounds easy. Anyone can receive.

Well, can you? Can you take someone else's ideas and put them into action in place of your own, discarding your own pet ideas because you honestly think they are inferior?

To be able to co-operate with someone else needs a good deal of rugged mental and spiritual honesty. If you really can do it, you are one of the world's valuable people.

Rt. Hon. Sir Ben Smith, M.P.,

Minister of Food

DEAR SIR,—It is time you put your foot down on the practice which many tradesmen have adopted of selling certain goods only during restricted hours, or closing their shops altogether for the better part of the day.

Fishmongers are the worst offenders.

When supplies of fish were short they opened only for a few hours till they were sold out. That was understandable. But many of them still close down at 2 or 3 in the afternoon, even though there are large stocks lying unsold on the counter.

We are told that food will be shorter than ever this winter. But fish is going to waste and housewives have to stand in long queues for it, merely to suit the convenience of the fishmongers.

This is not good enough. The supply of fish is still under Government regulations. You should insist that those who get supplies keep open for the full normal shopping hours.—JOHN BULL.

Harry M. Warner,

President, Warner Bros. Pictures Inc.

DEAR SIR,—You believe in free speech. So do we. So we have no objection to your making a film to show how a small group of American parachutists and glider troops, with two Gurkha guides and one Chinese officer, liberated the whole of Burma.

No objection at all, provided that British films which record the toil and heroism of 659,134 members of the British 14th Army are given an equally wide showing in American theatres.—JOHN BULL.

We must see that Britain's 100,000 problem children are made as happy as these young Cockneys.

Argument

Hooliganism, juvenile cri waves . . . Question for t World Youth Conferenc

IS MODERN YOUTH OUT OF HAND?

yes

1. With their fathers at the w and their mothers in factories, ma young people have found themselv free from control, and have abus that freedom.

2. The cinema shows them highly coloured picture of life whi they lack the experience to che against reality.

3. Juvenile crime appears to partly a wish for excitement a partly a short cut to the good thin which the cinema shows, but it clear evidence, in either case, th youth is out of hand.

4. The numbers of parents app ing voluntarily to the courts for a in controlling ungovernable childr is increasing.

5. A wave of youthful bad manne is noticeable everywhere.

6. Young hooligans have esta lished reigns of terror in Glasg and other big cities.

7. Many magistrates and churc men have expressed concern at t undisciplined state of youth to-day

no

1. Youth has always been out hand in the view of magistrates a churchmen.

2. The young people of to-d after five years of war-strain, a remarkably fit and composed. A doctors and teachers are agreed th have stood the strain well. They a restive, but less so than might ha been expected.

3. Sporadic outbreaks of hooligan ism and juvenile crime must be se in due proportion. Look at the v growth of healthy, orderly youth activities—for instance, cycle clubs

4. Good manners of the "on speak when you're spoken to" ty have been replaced, on the whole, a delightful naturalness, far bett

5. The mess in which ripe exp ence landed us has naturally shak youth's confidence in their seniors to some extent rightly.

6. The World Youth Conferen shortly to be held in London, w provide clear proof of a constructi attitude in youth.

7. Love has more and more placed fear as controlling force the family, and youth has respond well.

JUNK AT MILLIONAIRE PRICES

WILLIAM J. GAGE, JOHN BULL'S Special Investigator, exposes the scandal of worthless goods now being sold in the shops at fantastic prices. This legalised fraud is making a joke of price controls, and is a cruel injustice to the man of ordinary means. Urgent Government action is needed

THERE MAY BE HARD TIMES AHEAD. Harder, perhaps, in some ways, than we've experienced during the war. There is a world food shortage.

Our national larder is low. And apart from food, there is desperate need of more household goods and clothing.

The Government is, on the whole, facing its many grave problems wisely and with courage. Given time, it promises us more goods in the shops, more transport, and an end to the housewives' eternal nightmare—queues.

But though price controls have done much to curb the profiteer, they are only the first stage in the problem of getting the common man value for his money. There is still the fraudulent dumping on the stock-starved shops of shoddy goods, high-priced rubbish.

At the Trades Union Congress at Blackpool last week the protection of the consumer, in the new world now being planned, was one of the main topics of discussion.

It is abundantly right that our unions, like the old guilds, their forerunners, should make a stand for quality production. In this JOHN BULL will back them all the way.

I recently made a tour of stores and shops in London and in a number of large provincial towns.

Prices were often outrageously high. In many cases the quality of the high-priced goods proved on examination to be very poor under the surface veneer.

Profits for Shoddy Rubbish

In one crowded basement department, for instance, was a woman's ordinary tweed and furless greatcoat, marked at £35 7s. 10d. It was quite nicely tailored, I agree, but in pre-war days would have been dear at ten guineas.

And the fact that purchase tax of sixteen and two-thirds per cent, was included in the price by no means explained the difference.

Since the coat was "non-Utility," the retailer could charge what he liked for it. At a rough estimate, he stood to make about 200 per cent. on its sale.

"If people have the money, and want to appear smarter than Utility clothes make them—well, they must pay for it, that's all," a member of the Drapers' Chamber of Trade told me.

At another store I saw corsets ranged from four guineas downwards. Some, badly finished, were not worth more than a third of the prices marked on them.

One woman I know paid 39s. 9d. for a pair. The first time she wore them the boneless supports broke and after a couple of days the whole outfit sagged. For all the use they were, she might have gone corsetless and saved her money.

Government-controlled Utility corsets—17s. 11d.—were admittedly of poor quality—one of the Board of Trade's bad mistakes. This has given non-Utility corsets a prestige which they often sadly fail to merit.

Many manufacturers are honest, doing their best to produce good quality articles in the present difficult times.

Yet there are, on the other hand, hundreds of smaller manufacturers who are merely greedy profit-grabbers who do not care how shoddy and badly made are the goods they palm off at uncontrolled prices.

Suspender belts come prominently into this non-controlled racket just now.

One popular make, cost price before the war 3s. 11d., now fetches anything from 25s. to 32s. 6d.

Pleated shorts on sale at several big West End stores cost a minimum of three guineas. They are of only medium quality with poor finish. Pursuing inquiries into their origins, I found they can be made, singly and by hand, for about 15s. Turned out by mass production, they cost much less. The selling profit is thus shamefully high.

Two-piece costumes now on sale at prices ranging from twelve to thirty and forty guineas would have cost £3, £8, or £9 six years ago. A colleague inspected some for me recently in a shop where, behind a different counter, Utility coats of at least equal quality were on sale at the controlled price of £4 10s.!

Far from being well cut, the more expensive garments were a gross imposition, clearly intended only for moneyed women who do not mind what they spend so long as they look "different."

In another store I saw ordinary handbags marked at £9 17s. 10d. They were worth, said an expert valuer, £2 10s. *at the most.* True, they were smartly designed, but they were made from an inferior type of skin which soon shows signs of wear and tear.

Utility Footwear Under Fire

Handbags, in fact, are one of the worst trading rackets to-day. Their prices, universally, are from three to twelve guineas, but, as a friend of mine remarked in one shop we visited, "a peacetime £1 bag placed alongside even the most expensive ones here would put them to shame."

One reader, accustomed to good clothes, who develops an inferiority complex in "Utility" garb, was recently asked £30 for a moderately good dress. She had almost decided to buy it when saner counsels prevailed. She contented herself with an excellently designed but none the less "Utility style" at a cost of £2 12s. 6d.!

The racket in men's clothes is nearly as bad. A colleague of mine went to a tailor, selected several suitings before the manufacturers could supply a length of any single one of them, and paid £16 16s. for a suit.

He had to wait six months for it and, when it *did* finally arrive from the workshop, found it was soiled at the lapels and pockets.

"Oh, that's nothing," said the tailor, "those marks will disappear when it's pressed again."

Needing the suit so badly, my colleague took it away, only to find, as time passed, that the marks deepened, and were actually caused by an inferior canvas lining used for stiffening purposes.

An expert, giving a frank and unbiased opinion, said the suit was a "monstrosity." It was badly made, the cloth is poor, and the dye even poorer. *The tailor concerned had made a profit of at least eight guineas.*

Not only non-Utility goods are at fault in quality standards.

Utility boots and shoes, in particular, roused the anger of thousands of consumers all over the country. Several trade protection organisations have pleaded, unavailingly, with the Board of Trade to impose stricter quality controls.

One such body provided me with revealing facts about racketeering in general.

Combs, retailed at 4s. 6d., cost 10d.

Elastic—1s. 8d. a yard, actually worth 4d.

A *good* shaving-brush was priced £9 10s.! It was worth 30s. at the most.

Cooking-pans are on sale at 12s. 6d. each. Food cooked in them turns black.

No Pity for the Children

In seaside towns, where hotel and boarding-house charges (as recently exposed by JOHN BULL) have lately risen to wickedly inflated heights, gross racketeering in smaller matters has been going on ever since VE-Day.

Pre-war shilling trophies fetch 7s. 6d.

"Victory flags," made of paper or a cloth substitute, fetch from 1s. 6d. to £1 12s. 6d.

Trinkets, 9d. before the war, are now 12s. 6d.

Unpainted buckets for kiddies on the sands, made from old cans and wire—3s. 6d. and 5s. 6d.

Half-a-crown wooden buckets—12s. 6d. and 15s.

Small beach balls, 2s. pre-war, now 21s.

Spades, once dear at 3d., now 3s. 11d.

I saw all these things, and many others like them, during recent visits to Southend, Leigh-on-Sea, Hastings, Bexhill and Eastbourne.

That is one end of the buying scale—who needs such trifles? you may say. The answer is, children need them—"trifles" loom very large in the mind of a child.

But let us take housing as an example of how essentials are being pushed to monstrous price levels. Paint and other materials for redecoration purposes are often priced three or four times what they used to be.

In one case that was brought to my notice recently, a contract was given to a local building firm at *three times pre-war prices.*

Furniture still provides examples of fantastic costs. I saw a suite, made of cheap wood and crudely polished, offered in a Midlands store the other day at £126 15s.

It was actually worth £35. A most rigid quality control should be exercised throughout the entire trade.

The radio trade needs official probing, too.

New switch for radiogram—£5.

Simple repairs—£4 10s. An expert later said would have been dear at 15s.

More frequently than is publicly realised dishonest wireless traders take all the good parts out of a set sent to them for repair and replace them with inferior ones. I have investigated one case in which four excellent valves were replaced by cheap and shoddy substitutes, though a charge of £9 was made for "repairs"—which the dealer stated had taken twenty-two hours to complete.

It is the same with practically everything you buy. Price controls need tightening. But that alone is not enough.

The Government must control "quality," too.

HAS STALIN SURRENDERED TO GOD?

Mystery still surrounds the attitude of the once anti-religious Soviets to Christianity. To get the facts, JOHN BULL approached Dr. Hewlett Johnson, "Red" Dean of Canterbury, whose visits to Moscow give unique importance to his frank answers to our questions

JOHN BULL: *Was Stalin, in your view, sincere in his reconciliation with the Russian Church, or was it merely a diplomatic expedient?*

THE DEAN: Both sincere and diplomatic. The attitude of those in whose name he speaks has changed from hostility to cordiality because the attitude of the Church has changed.

The Church no longer anathematises the State, refusing to pay taxes. The Church sees the value and patriotism of the State and the State sees the patriotism of the Church. Mutual cordiality grows.

Stalin long ago said religion is a personal matter: you cannot crush it, nor must you make the attempt.

Now, maybe, he sees in the 20th century, as Constantine, the Roman Emperor who made Christianity the State religion, saw in the 4th century, that you can use religion.

Lack of religion leaves a vacuum. Better fill the vacuum with a unifying religion native to the soil and friendly to the Soviet régime than risk invasion of a foreign form, like that of the Roman Church, confessedly and openly hostile to it.

JOHN BULL: *Is a union of the three great Christian churches possible? Is it true to say that the Russian Church is closer to us in doctrine than the Church of Rome?*

THE DEAN: Both possible and desirable, but not immediately probable. And not possible at all on the Roman Church's terms of complete submission.

The Orthodox Church is closer to us both in doctrine and practice than the Roman Church. It asks no submission from Anglican clergy. It recognises the validity of Anglican orders. It abjures worship of the Virgin Mary. It demands of its priesthood no compulsory celibacy. Indeed, a few final stages only remain before the Anglican and the Orthodox Churches will be in full communion. And the end even of those stages is in sight.

Consider this further point: the Roman Church says, "I will not pray with you, nor shall you pray with me." That is a far remove from the religion of Jesus Christ.

The Orthodox Church already and eagerly prays with us. Alexia, the Russian Patriarch, after hanging a crucifix around my neck on Victory Day in Moscow, and giving me the kiss of fellowship, bade me join with him in prayer in his Cathedral Church.

Nicolai, the Metropolitan of Kiev, prayed with us in Canterbury in June of this year.

JOHN BULL: *To what extent has the Communist faith common ground with the Christian?*

THE DEAN: Communism says: "From each according to ability, to each according to need." All must work. All must heed the need of others. Has that more common ground with Christianity than "Each for himself and devil take the hindermost"?

Again, the Communist seems to have recaptured the capacity to live as part of the whole of things. He feels himself to be the instrument of a power now in process of creating a true and universal society, based on equality and freedom, even if temporarily certain freedoms are denied.

JOHN BULL: *How far has the Russian Orthodox Church accepted Communism?*

THE DEAN: Simple Church folk in Russia begin to recognise in the new order a nearer approach to life as it was in primitive Christianity.

The Hierarchy also expresses the same feeling. Thus, the Patriarch Sergius, in a letter to Stalin, greets him as the "God-chosen leader of our military and cultural forces." And a pamphlet issued by the Moscow Patriarchate and edited by Metropolitan Nicolai recognises the Soviet régime as "established by God and expressing the will of the people."

JOHN BULL: *What is the right course for our Established Church to take towards the recognition of General Franco, who claims to be in his own country the defender of the Church against Communist anarchy?*

THE DEAN: Franco, with the help of Mussolini's troops and Germany's 'planes (I saw these at their brutal work with my own eyes at Durango) crushed the Spanish Republic.

Franco wished the triumph of Hitler and said so.

Franco sent a legion to fight against Russia and promised a million more to defend Berlin.

Franco refuses to allow Protestant worship in Spain, and closes all Protestant churches, save one as a blind in Madrid.

Franco burns 110,000 copies of the Scripture and closes the Bible House in Madrid.

Franco still conducts his own reign of terror, and at this very moment has seized for execution two outstanding Republicans who returned to Spain under his promised amnesty.

Having smashed Hitler, can we rightly recognise the man whom, in Churchill's phrase, we should logically call his jackal?

JOHN BULL: *Should our Established Church give clear and immediate guidance concerning the Christian attitude to the atomic bomb; and should we share the atom bomb secret with Stalin?*

THE DEAN: A living Church with a wide grasp of what makes for, or hinders, world-community should certainly have an opinion and voice it fearlessly.

It should welcome man's achievement in the release of atomic power, with all its immense possibilities for serving mankind.

As to the use of atomic energy as destructive bombs, whilst we may agree, and be glad, that it has in its use in Japan probably lessened the ultimate loss of life, we may also urge that had Japan been told in explicit terms that we had such a weapon and were prepared to demonstrate its power in a no-man's-land, we might have achieved the same result of capitulation, saving hundreds of thousands of lives, lessening bitterness, and placing ourselves in a stronger moral position before the bar of history.

The arguments against this view are admittedly substantial. Had Japan had any inkling of what was coming, the entire airpower of the enemy might have been sent against our advanced-base laboratories.

Nevertheless, right remains right. Many Christians are uneasy concerning Hiroshima.

But concerning the rightness of our sharing the secret with Russia, the Christian can have no doubts. It is bad morals to be ungenerous to an ally. And bad morals are always bad business.

Recently, in Moscow, I talked with Kapitza, Russian atomic physicist. Who can doubt that he, a worker in the Rutherford laboratory at Cambridge, is near the secret?

And if Russia discovers it while still suspicious and resentful of us—and rightly so—remember, Russia has vast spaces. It is we in crowded Britain who are so vulnerable.

On every ground of right and expediency, therefore, the Church should call for world control of atomic power—a magnificent step towards world unity.

DR. HEWLETT JOHNSON hails from the North. He went to school at Macclesfield, studied science at Manchester, wrote a thesis on hydraulic engineering.

Since he became Dean of Canterbury in 1931 he has been constantly in the news—inviting girl hikers to attend Cathedral services in their shorts, advocating social and financial reforms, denouncing Franco and the bombing of Guernica, and insisting that some at least of the Soviet ideals were in line with the earliest doctrines of Christianity.

HANDS OFF THE FUTURE!

Are snares being laid for youth under pretence of guidance? On the eve of the World Youth Conference, a JOHN BULL writer expresses uneasiness

WHEN THE WORLD YOUTH CONFERENCE meets next month in London 400 delegates from 57 countries will answer the roll-call.

They come at the bidding of Chuter Ede, our new Home Secretary.

It is possible to applaud Mr. Ede's speedy decision and to join in the heartiest of welcomes to his 400 guests, and yet to remain at heart uneasy concerning all this fuss about *Youth* of which the Conference is a symbol.

Aren't we in danger of losing our sense of proportion in these matters—and, what is worse, making the young lose theirs?

Early in the war, an enthusiastic dietician attached to the Air Ministry, in order to prove what care was given to aircrews' food, published the scientific method of cabbage-cooking prescribed for R.A.F. cooks.

The list of do's and dont's made good copy. The papers took it up, perhaps with some slight exaggerations. At any rate, not long afterwards, a highly-placed Air Force chief received from his opposite number in the Senior Service, the following note:—

Shall be glad to receive full details of this new food, cabbage, which I understand you have recently invented.

For "cabbage" read "Youth."

To hear some of these Youth-sponsors talk you would think that the existence among us of young people was their own breath-taking discovery—that youth was an invention recently patented, which they had formed a company to exploit.

Silver-voiced Swooner

Is this suggestion of exploitation so far from the truth?

True, names like Eleanor Roosevelt, Jan Masaryk, Stafford Cripps, sponsors of the present Conference, inspire considerable confidence—even if the inclusion in the list of Mr. Frank Sinatra, silver-voiced specialist in causing young females to swoon, comes with odd effect among the grave and distinguished politicians.

But there are other youth movements beside the Conference. All sorts of people are out to capture youth.

A letter to the Press on "Empire Youth" bears the signature of a peer well known for his ability to clothe unrepentant Blimpishness in agreeable words.

The strangely-named "Council of Seven"—now the "Council of Seven Principles"—puts forth a variety of propaganda stressing the need for a careful "forming" of the minds and souls of the young.

But persons connected with this body loudly praised Hitler for sending German women "back to the kitchen" and for the "splendid training" he gave German youth.

Youth, flattered, pampered, organised, invited to indulge in endless "self-expression," should be watchful of many of the strange gentry flocking round with offers of help and encouragement.

JOHN BULL's message to Youth is: *Be on your guard.*

In June of this year the Mayoress of

German youth under Hitler was taught blind acceptance of the Leader while marching as to war

Hampstead, Mrs. Sidney Boyd, wife of a Harley Street surgeon, speaking at what was rather vaguely called "a meeting in London," was reported in the national Press as follows:—

> "Teen age boys and girls should not have the freedom they now enjoy.
>
> "Everyone complains about the behaviour of these children. We ought to have paid organisers and compulsory youth organisations.
>
> "The Hitler Youth Movements were extraordinarily thorough and well thought out. Hitler produced an extraordinary effect upon children, and kept them out of mischief, as they get into in England.
>
> "Hitler . . . could have made Germany great and beloved if he had not forgotten about God."

Cranks on the Prowl

This sort of thing wants watching. Doubtless well-meaning in its way, it nevertheless contains grave possibilities of evil.

Fortunately the coming to power of a Labour Government has lessened the worst dangers of this systematic dragooning of youth which the reactionary elements in Britain planned, but "the price of liberty is constant watchfulness"—the true friends of Youth must bear that maxim in mind.

Examining the evidence carefully there can be little doubt that certain sections of the Tories intended to place the mental shackling of youth, under various plausible disguises, in the forefront of their programme. Religion was to be used freely for political ends. Many of Hitler's techniques in dealing with the young were to be copied.

No paganism, of course. Hitler went badly off the rails when he "forgot about God," but otherwise there was a lot to be said for the way he brought the young to heel.

A lot to be said for Hitler. . . .

It was said openly in 1938 and 1939.

It was still whispered during the war years.

Now, in the years of peace, it is being said openly again.

The World Youth Conference will be free from Blimpishness. But it is not only the Blimps who are after youth.

All manner of cranks are on the prowl.

Talking to a young boy, an obviously talented musician, product of an "advanced" school, I was troubled to learn he was a conscientious objector, but I was very willing to concede true religious scruples as a matter beyond argument.

But from what he said it was clear that religion did not much enter into his unwillingness to bear arms for his country. He was thinking of his *art*.

This was of such importance to him (and, he felt, to the world) that to risk death in a war which he neither understood nor wished to understand, was simply unthinkable.

I thought of Thomas Moore's "Minstrel Boy," and of a young violinist on the Somme, who, having never been parted from his battered instrument, played "The Devil's Trill" to his men while waiting to go into action—his last gift of music to the world.

Hitler taught unthinking acceptance of "Der Fuehrer" as all that mattered in the world.

Someone had taught the boy I talked with that Art was all that mattered.

Is one doctrine less foolish or dangerous than the other?

All sorts of strange snares are set for youth.

Does Youth Need "Leaders?"

Perhaps the most serious question the Conference should face is the choice of youth leaders. Clubs everywhere are advertising for them at £4 or £5 a week, and some very bad choices are reported.

In one case, the facts of which are in JOHN BULL's possession, events very near tragedy have resulted from an appointment shockingly unwise.

Are all these "leaders" necessary? And, if so, how can first-rate ability be expected at the figures offered?

Does youth need all this "leading"?

Where, in fact, is youth being led?

The World Youth Conference—good luck to them!—should temper enthusiasm with caution.

With these words of warning, born not from the dyspepsia of middle age, but from a warm respect and affection for modern youth, let us wish the Conference and its distinguished sponsors—God speed. "Forward for Our Future," the conference slogan, has a fine sound. Our future should indeed be splendid.

Bliss was it in that hour to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven.

CLIFFORD TROKE.

A thriving Empire where capital is invested for the benefit of all the people would give us added prosperity at home. We must have revolutionary methods to make up the leeway of mismanagement. VINCENT BROME reviews a new book which spotlights the darker aspects of Imperialism

Brushing Up the British Empire

FRANK CUTHBERT OLADIPO COKER stands 6 ft 4 in. in his socks, has a coal-black skin and a geniality which would mark him out in any company. Daniel Modupe Clasupo Akinbiyi is just as black, looks diminutive beside Coker, and takes a far graver view of the world.

These two men arrived from Africa a short time ago on a very important mission. They are the vanguard of an invading army from the Colonial Empire which hopes to change the face of the British Empire and lead the way to Colonial self-government.

Mr. Coker and Mr. Akinbiyi went to Oxford when they arrived in this country. But they skirted the academic quarters and turned instead to the administrative end of the city.

Mr. Akinbiyi was articled to the Town Clerk of Oxford, Harry Plowman. There he is discovering just how they administer the city of Oxford. Mr. Coker was taken under the wing of F. M. Walker, the Oxford City Treasurer. His object is to study local government finance.

Bright and Gloomy Outlook

In a few years, both will return to Lagos, their own capital city in Nigeria, ready to become the first African Town Clerk and the first African Treasurer Lagos has ever known.

A great new venture in the British colonies will have begun.

The story goes back to an Englishman, C. Martin, who was Town Clerk of Lagos. He came home on leave and suggested the scheme to the Colonial Office. They agreed to try it.

The jobs were advertised and everyone given a chance to apply. Hundreds of Africans sent in enthusiastic applications, and the list was finally sifted down to the genial Mr. Coker and the grave Mr. Akinbiyi.

There you have one side of the picture of our changing Empire. There is another.

In a new book, *It's Your Empire*, by Alexander Campbell (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.), the author sets out to analyse the present state of the British Empire. In the process he has produced a book which depresses and stimulates in turn.

It depresses because of the criminal neglect it brings to light. It stimulates because it becomes clear that gradually the Mr. Martins of Lagos are making their voices heard.

West Indian Labour Problem

The book is particularly important just now, because the British Empire may yet save Britain from becoming a financial satellite of America.

"The British Empire," writes Alexander Campbell, "covers over 13,000,000 square miles, and the British are supposed to have acquired it in a fit of absentmindedness."

Since then, something more than absentmindedness has gone into the administration of the colonies. What once looked like stupidity has now revealed more sinister characteristics:

"In the West Indies, so-called labour-tenants work four to five days a week for absentee landlords, in return for a little cash and the use of a small plot of land. The terms are uncontrolled; a man may be thrown off and be compelled to leave his own crops unharvested. Agricultural wages average 1s. 3d. to 2s. a day, but there is much unemployment and the average labourer can count on little more than 200 days' work in a year."

Further, he says: "Men, women and children in the West Indies are all compelled to seek work so that the combined family income shall be large enough to buy the necessities of life, and cheap female and child labour keeps male wages low."

West Indians have a vote, but: "In Jamaica, although the vote was open to all who paid 10s. in taxes, less than a twelfth of the adult males qualified for the franchise."

It is no use avoiding the fact that the wrong men have, in far too many cases, been running the colonies for the purpose of making a profit at any cost.

Change on the Way

These 13,000,000 square miles of the earth's surface, holding one-fifth of the world's population, could have developed by now into the greatest commonwealth of nations the world has ever seen. It is a great commonwealth, of course, but it is a faint shadow of what it might have been.

Vast areas are dragged down by disease and malnutrition, education has been rejected. Everywhere there is evidence of an economic system which exploited rather than developed the natural resources of the land and the people.

Given a thriving Empire, developed to its highest pitch, and inspired by the right ideals, we might have stood alone when the Lease-Lend crisis came. That is the tragedy. We had the chance. We missed it.

But a change is coming over the British Empire. The first cracks in the ancient hide have split and widened, and in not so long a time we may see a new animal struggling into view.

Everyone's Concern

What do the words British Empire mean to you? Is it cotton-fields, Negro spirituals, piccaninnies, and all the false glamour that films and books have contrived to create around a much misunderstood word?

Or do you see a row of sweating natives toiling from dawn till dusk for a wage which does not even keep them fed and clothed?

Whatever your view, the facts about our Empire concern you deeply. When the people of the British colonies are on their feet and thriving, we shall have more money in our pockets and be able to face any international crisis. The vast untapped areas of the Empire represent an enormous market for our goods and that brings more money and goods back into Britain.

But the British Empire must be cultivated. The first signs of cultivation are coming to light now.

The schools in the West Indies are so wretchedly equipped that "the teachers have to adorn the walls with old posters in default of maps." True, but a move is afoot to establish Jeanes schools in many areas. These schools, run on the lines of model villages, recognise the prime necessity of all native teaching—that practical instruction must be combined with book learning.

Lavish Spending Essential

There is a hopelessly inadequate supply of educated natives capable of taking over administrative jobs. True again, but the Cokers and Akinbiyis are coming to Britain to find out how we work and the number of natives educated to administrative standard increases.

There is a desperate need for the islands of the West Indies to act as one economic unit. Once again there are many people in this country making plans for development on those lines.

Wherever you turn in the Empire one thing is certain. It is changing.

"A World University has not been established yet," writes Alexander Campbell, "but there is no reason why the British Universities and the coming universities in West Africa and the West Indies should not freely exchange staffs and students. A beginning has, in fact, been made in West Africa."

More important still, there is every possibility that the new Government will spend capital generously to set many new wheels turning in the Empire. Fresh capital is one of the most urgent needs of all. There is, however, one snag. The British Empire is not changing fast enough. We have to make up for years of niggardliness and bad mangement, and we shall need revolutionary methods to catch up with what we have lost. But it can be done.

"In Jamaica . . . less than a twelfth of the adult males qualified for the franchise." **Underpaid, overworked, native labourers load the banana boats**

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

Fairy Story

ONCE UPON A TIME there lived a man named John Smith. He was an insignificant little man, and he had an inferiority complex.

He did not drink beer or bet on horses or dogs. But he liked to smoke cigarettes. Unfortunately, owing to having moved, he was not a regular customer at any shop.

So when he went into a shop, the tobacconist barked "No!" Or sometimes he pointed to a notice and said: "Can't you read?"

Now John Smith had a rich uncle. He had hopes of this uncle, but the uncle looked like living a long time.

IMAGINE John Smith's surprise, then, when one day the uncle jumped into a river. However, his uncle's unfortunate end was a great disappointment to the man who collects Death Duties.

His will said: "The fortune which my relatives expected to inherit has all been spent in a worthy cause. It has been spent on myself. I have good connections in the Black Market and have been living during the war on steak, eggs, butter, champagne, and whisky, and have had a lovely time. The only thing I have to leave is my hoard of 2,000 cigarettes, which are to go to my favourite nephew, John Smith."

From that day John Smith was transformed. He used to go to tobacconists out of devilment. When they said "No!" he would hold out a packet of twenty and say: "Have one of mine."

This kept him happy for a while. Then a greater ambition grew in his mind. He would become a tobacconist himself.

HE LAID HIS PLANS very carefully. First he sold 1,000 of his uncle's cigarettes. With the money he bought the recipe for a preparation which cured the smoking habit.

This was not for himself. Oh, no! He went to stay in Portsmouth. There he fraternised with the sailors.

Then he would go on to give the sailor his tablets which cured the smoking habit and arrange to buy all the duty-free cigarettes that Jack bought at 6d. for twenty and no longer wanted to smoke.

When he had made plenty of connections in Portsmouth he moved to Chatham and then to Plymouth.

He sold these cigarettes at regulation prices, and soon was able to get a licence and open a shop himself.

BUT HIS TABLETS worked so well, and his supplies were so regular that he could supply everybody and didn't get a chance to be rude to customers. Besides, success was going to his head and he wanted to make more money.

He remembered how his uncle had spent his fortune in the Black Market and thought he might as well get it back. He sold his shop and began a free-lance business.

Some of his cigarettes he sold to night clubs at 3s. for twenty and they sold them to customers for 5s. He used to take the rest round to cafés, pubs and clubs at night, when people couldn't get cigarettes anywhere, and sell them to the customers at 3s. 6d. a packet.

Then one day it came over him in a flash that he was a mug to wear himself out selling cigarettes.

He bought a small printing press and is now making money faster than ever by supplying the trade with notices saying "No cigarettes," and "Turkish only."

HOSPITALS—from the Inside

Peace job for conchies. Costly 'bus ride. Why not teach good table manners? Ex-convict supports identity cards. Are the Co-ops. a monopoly? Give us new dictionaries

MAY I CONGRATULATE your Chief Commissioner on his article, "Some Hospitals are Mortuaries" (JOHN BULL, September 1)? After twenty years in and out of London hospitals investigating an average of five cases daily I can certainly vouch for the many weaknesses under the voluntary hospital system. The present position is nothing short of scandalous.—H. A. Styles, 16, Ullin Street, Poplar, E.14.

They're Doing Their Best

I'M DISGUSTED TO THINK anyone should waste his time back-biting hospitals. My sister is a nurse in Hampshire and after what she has told me I say: Pay nurses more and don't reward them with a few shillings for the wonderful work they do. Don't run hospitals down, they are doing their best for all.—Miss N. WATTS, 85, Fleet Road, Farnborough, Hants.

May Not Walk Again

MY SON BROKE HIS LEG and during the course of his hospital treatment he was given spinal injections and suffered great pain. Last May a Harley Street specialist reported. "There seems to have been some lack of skill in the original injection and a germ was allowed to enter the spinal cord. The boy is suffering from paralysis of the legs, and in my opinion he will be permanently paralysed and it is to be doubted whether he will ever walk again." Our hospitals, as you say, should cure—not cripple or kill.—C. E., Hants.

"Berlin Horror"

NOT MANY PAPERS would have been forthright enough to print "Berlin Horror" (JOHN BULL, September 22). I have no sympathy whatever with the Germans and disagree with many of contributor's ideas. He asks whether the sins of the German nation must now be visited on the ordinary man and woman. Most emphatically they must. But the German people do not deserve starvation. The organisation of the United Nations is efficient enough to provide a minimum of food from the European larders. An R.A.F. officer friend recently returned to his German base from Copenhagen with Danish butter, bacon and eggs in plenty for his mess. That food could be diverted to starving Berlin and help to save any cut in our rations. The Germans ought to bite the dust, but let them have something else to eat.—DR. JAMES ——, F.R.C.P. (now in uniform).

Job for Conchics?

FORCES MEN are anxious to get home as quickly as they can. Why should conscientious objectors not be called up—not to fight and kill but to help to keep the peace overseas? This work would not conflict with their peace-loving convictions.—P. R. FOSTER, 37, Wright Street, Codnor, Derbyshire.

Pig Bin to Table

AGE AND NECESSITY have driven me to find work in the kitchens of West End hotels. I've been horrified to find that scraps of meat, returned from the dining-room, are often retrieved from the pig bins and served again. No one with experience of the trade seems to share my horror.—KITCHEN HAND, W.C.1.

Lucky Old Lady

AN OLD LADY over seventy buys a house for £4,000. The firm I work for have the job of doing the decorations. It will take our five painters a month to do the work. The bricklayer, plasterer and joiner will be kept busy for a shorter period. In my opinion the place need not have been redecorated. As it is, all the colour schemes are being changed so

Free Speech

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

that there will have to be three coats of paint throughout.

I have been on to the authorities for many weeks to pull down a dangerous bomb-damaged ceiling. My two children, aged six years and six months, have to use the room. I have been promised that the job will be done *when labour becomes available*.—W. K., Chelmsford, Essex.

Highland Travel

THIS TICKET is for a journey of about 45 miles by motor 'bus between a Sutherland village and its nearest rail-

"... for a journey of about 45 miles"

way station. This is one of the factors which most hampers the development of the Highlands. Compare the cost with that of any 'bus journey you know.—D. M. REID, Stoer House, Lairg, Sutherland.

The Co-operative Union

YOUR RECENT "Open Letter" (JOHN BULL, Sept. 8) attacked me for describing the Co-operative Wholesale Society as "this dangerous and most pernicious of all the monopolies in this country."

The Co-octopus is spreading its monopolistic tentacles not only all over Britain but also over the world, and therefore it is dangerous and pernicious. Since asking my question in the House letters have arrived from all over the country giving evidence to support my contention.

In the new House of Commons there are twenty-two "Co-op." Members. It would be interesting to know the amount of subsidy, if any, they receive to vote for measures which will kill the small trader (the backbone of the country).

Do those who "shop" at the Co-ops. realise that their profits are used to support the Socialist Party and "all its works"?

In 1942 the Co-operative Union embraced 1,139 societies, had a membership of 8,817,000, a share capital of about £203 millions, and sales amounting to about £539 millions. In 1942 the Co-operative Wholesale Society's Bank had 80,300 deposit accounts and a turnover of £1,003 millions. The Co-op. also has large investments in British Government securities, in land and buildings, mortgages, and Government loans.

If the Co-ops. are not a monopoly, they are first cousin to it, and to carry out their election pledges the Government should make a start by disintegrating this all-too-powerful (embryo) monopoly.—SIR WALDRON SMITHERS, M.P.

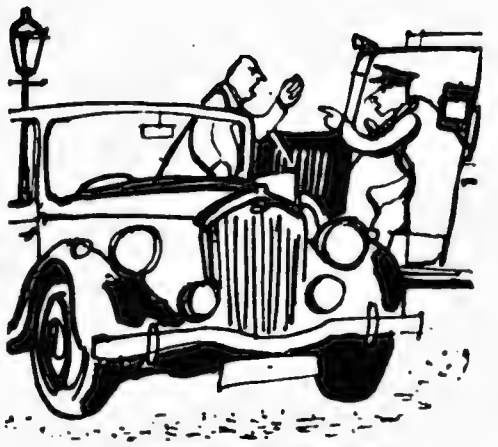
Good Sound Meals

DURING MY FIVE YEARS in the Army, I have noticed that 90 per cent. of men eat with their mouths open and with a good deal of noise. One in every three of my soldier colleagues makes such hideous, spluttering noises that I've often wondered if they are not doing it deliberately.

A good aim in the new education schedules would be to try to teach the next generation how to eat in a better manner than animals.—CPN. S. H., N.14 (address enclosed).

Road Hogs Rise

THE STANDARD OF DRIVING has not improved at all in the months since petrol came back for private motoring. The very worst type of driver has returned to the roads—the aggressive type who always wants his own way. I suppose this is natural as that's the sort of man who gets round the rules and has more than his share of petrol. As I



"... shouting matches between taximen and car owners"

drive my 'bus through London I see more narrow squeaks and more shouting matches between taximen (in the right) and car owners (in the wrong) than I can ever remember.—JOSEPH R. PEARSON, Fulham Road, S.W.10.

"Check-ups Save Crime"

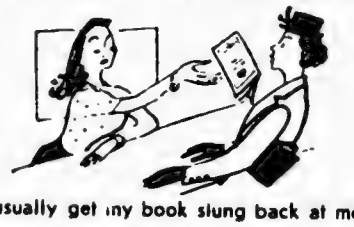
MAYBE IT'S NOT TOO LATE to reply to B. Rowbottom, of Leeds, who wants to do away with identity cards (JOHN BULL, July 28). Up to 1937 I had a criminal record, having spent several long periods in prison for fraud.

I worked under various aliases and had quite a number of addresses. I have gone straight for the last eight years, the last two of them in the Army.

If identity cards had been in force fifteen years ago there would have been a good few crimes which I should have found more difficult to commit. Possibly, I might not have committed any at all. You won't publish my name and address, will you?—PTE. E., Essex.

Savings Grace

IF MR. ATTLEE WISHES to popularise nationalisation he must tackle the manners of the average Civil Servant. In any of the private banks we are met with a cheery good morning and civility. That's far from the case at the Post Office Savings Bank counter. After



"I usually get my book slung back at me"

standing in a queue and meekly handing over my money I usually get my book slung back at me. Some of the money spent on persuading us to save would be better spent on politeness courses for post office assistants.—H. V. DUNN, 4, William Street North, Birmingham 19.

Mothers' Help

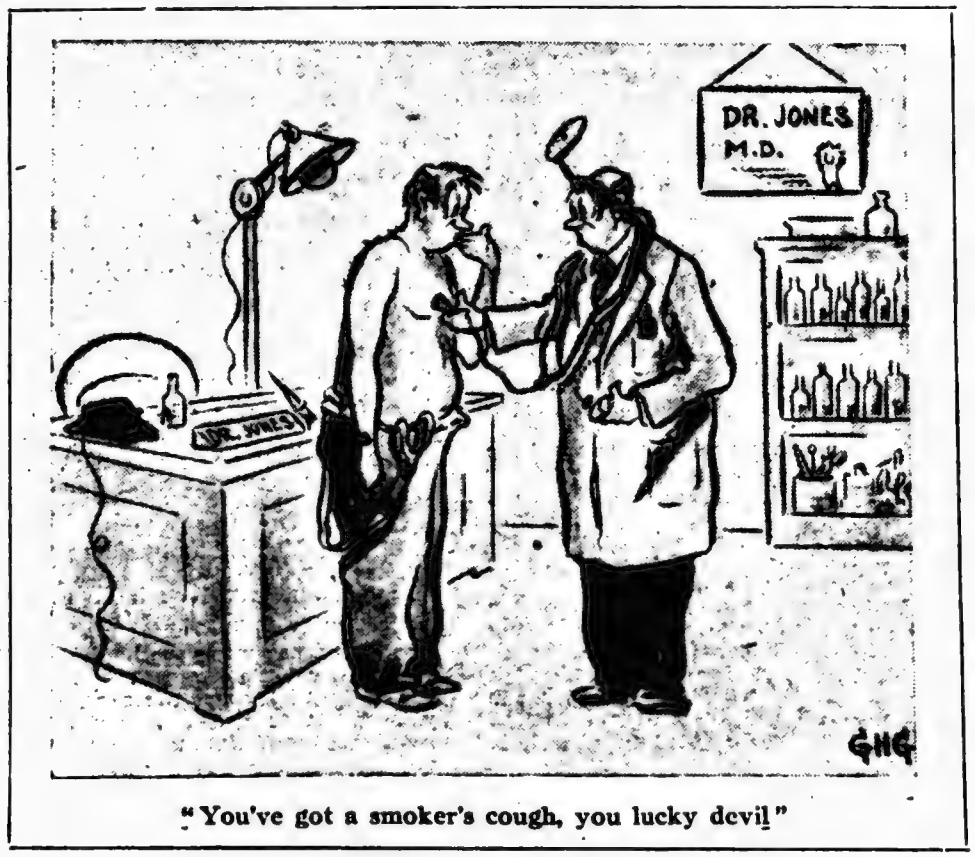
STOP MOANING about the decline in the birth-rate and insist instead on a grant of, say, £50 to each young couple getting married. Surely the State can afford a few millions a year to help young folks who cannot afford to marry and have children?—T. SAUNDERS, 100, Shrewsbury Avenue, Kenton, Harrow.

Words, Words, Words—

OH, FOR A DICTIONARY in keeping with modern times. Our present dictionaries are exasperating. They leave out so many modern words, slang terms, and phrases which have been borrowed from abroad during the war. — J. A. PIRIE, South Balmoor, Peterhead.

—And How to Say Them

WHY DO B.B.C. announcers accent the second syllable of so many two-syllable words? *C'Blenz*, for instance, is just silly. The first syllable *Cob* is the important one for listeners. The news readers should always aim at conveying a picture of a word as it's read in print. —W. W. Wem, Salop.



"You've got a smoker's cough, you lucky devil"

JOHN BULL Short Story

by SEWELL PEASLEE WRIGHT

ILLUSTRATED BY D. L. MAYS

Though American novelists have become best-sellers in Britain lately, American short story writers are much less known over here. JOHN BULL prints this story not only because it is typical of their talent for stark drama but also because it is a first-rate story

YOU'LL DO JUST WHAT HE DID

THE IDEA CAME to Greg Bittner the instant he finished reading the ad. in the smudgy little mail-order magazine that Mae had subscribed to for years:

"SEND MAIL FROM SUNNY FLORIDA!

Fool your friends; mail them cards, letters, from Florida vacation-land. Dependable, confidential service. Send cards or letters to us in covering envelope; we will mail here whenever ordered. Enclose 25 cents for each piece."

It was signed: "Sunshine Mailing Service, Myrtle Chase, Mgr." and a Florida address.

Why, it was a natural! Greg was a travelling salesman, and Florida was in his territory. The postmark on the letter wouldn't be an air-tight alibi, maybe, but it would be plenty good enough. And they couldn't check on the hotels, because his car was designed so that the seats could be used to make a bed, and since the war he'd been sleeping in his car at least half the time.

Greg made a mental note of the address, and glanced up. Mae was watching him.

"What are you smiling about?" she asked.

"What's it to you?" snapped Greg, tossing the magazine aside. He went out and slammed the door.

It was a swell idea, all right, but Greg wasn't taking any chances. He sent Myrtle Chase a couple of letters, addressed to himself, at different points along his route, with instructions as to when they were to be mailed. They were waiting for him at both places, and the postmarks checked exactly with his instructions.

AT REGULAR INTERVALS during the next several months, Greg tested and retested Myrtle Chase's service. In all, he sent over a dozen letters. They all came through unfailingly, each postmarked within an hour or two of the time specified. Exultantly, Greg went ahead with his plans.

"I'm taking a long swing South, Mae," he told his wife. "Here's my itinerary, in case you should want to get in touch with me. I'll be gone a couple of weeks, maybe longer."

"But . . . how will you get all that petrol?"

"Don't talk like a sap! I can get all the gas I want. It's just a matter of knowing the right guys."

"Black Market gas, Greg? Do you think it's right to . . ."

"Stop your everlasting nagging, will you?" he shouted at her. "No wonder I . . ."

"No wonder what, Greg?" she started to cry, and Greg swore under his breath. She was soggy with tears half the time. Why he had ever married her, instead of a snappy little piece like that red-head down in Waycross was a mystery to him.

Well, it still wasn't too late. The red-head certainly was willing, and with Mae's insurance, and what he could raise on the house and all their junk. . . .

Greg crouched in the high weeds beside the path that cut diagonally across the vacant lot. It was Wednesday night, and the picture changed at the neighbourhood theatre on Wednesdays. Mae never missed a Wednesday night.

Motionless, Greg waited, his gloved hands gripping the heavy stick he had spotted along the path weeks before.

Several people went by. There was Jim Fricke and his wife, the couple next door; they always used the short-cut. The smell of Fricke's cigar hung in the air for a long time, and made Greg itchy for a cigarette, but he never even considered the possibility of lighting one. A couple of neighbourhood kids came from the opposite direction, and then the Frickes came back with a bucket of ice-cream. Then, for a long time there was no one.

There was a street light on the corner, but the trees screened it completely; Greg stared at his watch, but he couldn't make out the time.

LIGHTS WENT OUT in several houses. Radios were silenced, and only at long intervals did a car whirr down the street. And at length, he saw Mae coming.

Greg felt his heart start hammering. He looked around . . . all around. There was no one in sight. No car. Nothing.

He waited until she was directly opposite him. . . :

He drove south all that night; not too fast. He stopped for neither gas nor food. By morning he had travelled close to four hundred miles. And he was within sight of the place he had planned to be; the little town of Blanton, where he was going to spend the night.

Fighting off sleep, he spent the day driving idly over the back roads, killing time. Towards dusk he circled south and hit the hard road that ran through Blanton, and headed straight for the one hotel there.

"Hi, Mike," he nodded to the clerk. "Got a stall for me?"

"Always got a room for you, Mr. Bittner," the old man nodded. "You look like you need one."

"I'd like to spare you the details, Mr. Bittner"

"I feel lousy," Greg nodded, and let it go at that. Trouble with a lot of guys was that they talk too much.

"Heat, probably," sighed the old man. "Been bad, the last few days. You can have 320, Mr. Bittner; that's a corner room. . . ."

It went off like clock-work. Friday morning he got up and started for home. He arrived just about dark, and a plain-clothes man was there at the house waiting for him.

There was absolutely nothing to it. Ted Nichols had come home from lodge about midnight, and found the . . . had found Mae. The letter had arrived, and the cops had opened it. It was postmarked 6.30 Wednesday night. Just a brief, casual note, like hundreds he had written her, saying he was feeling kind of punk, and would be home over the week-end.

"I'D LIKE TO spare you the details, Mr. Bittner," the sergeant said sympathetically, "but there are certain things you'll want to know. Your wife was killed while resisting a robbery; her bag was gone and so were rings. She . . . it must have been instantaneous, Mr. Bittner, for none of the neighbours saw or heard a thing. Of course, we'll do everything within our power, but I must confess we don't have a thing to go on. Not a single damned thing!"

Greg, his face hidden in his hands, nodded silently. He was thinking of the bag and the ring, both of them at the bottom of a river.

There was nothing, not a thing, to tie him up with . . . with what had happened to Mae.

Three weeks later the insurance had been paid, and the house was sold. Greg had more money in the bank than he'd ever hoped to own.

He sat in his favourite chair, his feet on the hassock, and smoked one cigarette after another, laying his plans. He would move away . . . that was understandable, after the tragedy. He'd settle down in Waycross and after a reasonable length of time, marry the little red-head.

From there on out . . .

CHIMES SOUNDED SOFTLY, and Greg went to the door to answer the bell. Probably one of the neighbours, dropping in to cheer him up. They were for ever offering to do something, bringing him something, having him over for a drink.

But it was a stranger who stood there on the stoop; a hard-looking blonde, very large, pale blue eyes.

"Mr. Bittner?" she asked.

"Yes. But if you're selling anything, I'm not in the market." She looked like one of those house-to-house canvassers.

"You're in the market for what I have, Mr. Bittner," she said, watching him with those pale, flat eyes. "Let me introduce myself: Myrtle Chase, of the Sunshine Mailing Service."

Greg caught his breath and felt his heart start hammering as it had that night when he'd seen Mae start across the vacant lot, coming down the path toward him.

"So what?" he managed after a moment.

"May I come in?"

He shrugged, and opened the door wider. The woman smiled at him, showing the gold in her teeth, and looked around the living-room.

"You're all alone?"

"I was. What's on your mind?"

She sat down . . . in his big easy chair . . . and took a cigarette from her bag.

"I want to tell you a little success story, Mr. Bittner," she said, blowing smoke at him. "I ran the service for three, four years as a penny-ante proposition, strictly on the up and up. I made chicken-feed; a bare living. Then I got wise to myself.

"I'll make it short, so don't start pacing. I discovered certain people were using the service for a lot of reasons that wouldn't look so hot to certain other people. Wives, husbands, boy-friends, girl-friends, crooks. A tea kettle to steam letters open, and a little gum to reseal them was all the equipment I needed to get into the real dough.

"Ninety-nine out of a hundred pieces, probably, were just routine; saps trying to big-shot it, or yokels playing a joke on somebody. But about one in a hundred paid off. Big.

"You're one of those one-in-a-hundred, Mr. Bittner. And you pay off. Big."

"I . . . I don't know what you're talking about. Why should I pay off?"

The pale blue eyes watched him, as utterly without emotion as a pair of mushroomed bullets punched into the carefully made-up face.

"I have a copy of the letter you wrote your wife. I was curious about it. I took a little trip up here. I read the local papers, all about the terrible tragedy. . . . Do you want me to go on?"

Greg wiped cold sweat from his forehead and his upper lip.

"You mean. . . . Why, that's blackmail!"

"That's right. I can't say I care for the word, but at that, it's a lot prettier than first degree murder."

(Continued at foot of column 1, page 13)

The first National Brass Band Championship since 1938 will be held on October 6 at the Royal Albert Hall. A music critic calls for wider national recognition of this event, and tells the splendid story of

Music for the People

by H. G. SEAR

THE BRASS BAND is working man's music. True, the feudal lord's rank was shown by the number of his trumpets, while the number of his hunting horns showed the extent of his domains. But his band, his household music, was played by a string and reed orchestra.

Ordinary folk had few instruments, they just sang. Even when the industrial revolution herded them into smoke-grimed cities, drawing the sap from their veins, even then they sang!

Some of their music has endured longer than the feudal lord's, for it had the stuff of life, and was not mere fashionable convention.

The hills and dales of the North, the smoky Potteries, have long resounded with the choruses of Handel.

Workers everywhere desired to play instruments.

But their hands were stiffened and calloused. Even if the price were right they couldn't master fiddles.

Amateurs Made Improvements

Besides, fiddles are fragile; fifes and bugles are not. And another thing: by blowing in the open they could avoid cost of practice-rooms. Their pleasures were open-air pleasures in the main—the fair, the wakes-week, the local celebration. All these could be heartened with music. And there were always the town waits—blowers all.

At first most bands were mixed—reed with brass. But out of experience comes discernment. Fifes and bugles, right enough for a brave show of music, are not so apt for an expressive cadence. And all bands grow out of a craving to express.

It was amateur players, as often as musical instrument makers, who devised improvements. An Irish bandmaster added keys to the bugle, giving it command of more notes, enabling it to play real tunes. A farmer, an apothecary, a parson and divers others contributed practical and even revolutionary ideas. As the more sonorous brass became more melodic, more lyrical, so it displaced the shriller reeds for open-air requirements. There is a deep human story in every instrument of to-day's brass band.

Slowly, military bands increased in number. They were frequently made up of civilians in uniform—sturdy, independent Britishers. On one occasion bandsmen attached to the Coldstreams jibbed at playing at an event they declared to be "out of contract." They were replaced by Hanoverians, and percussion players were imported, all blacks. Hence, to this day, military drummers wear leopard skins! Note also another memory of the old dispute: *a rule of the present-day National Brass Band Club vetoes the use of percussion at contests.*

Advent of Smooth Tone

Next came the Volunteers. These home-defence soldiers started bands everywhere. They gave life to church and chapel festivals, to town functions. The very names, Wingates Temperance, Heywood Rifles, Cresswell Colliery, betoken the origin of bands. Political elections also stimulated the growth of local music, for rival Parties engaged rival bands, and when these met, as often as not, they shared in a glorious "free for all."

Early bands were self-supporting. Bandsmen denied themselves their simple luxuries to purchase new instruments. All through the last century cornets and bombardons tied up with string and leather, holes stopped with soap, were symptomatic of the struggle.

Music, too, was expensive until, with the expansion of the band movement, there rose publishers who specialised in cheap parts.

Then, suddenly, the pace was quickened. There came suddenly upon the band world the masterly inventions of Adolphe Sax. Now clear smooth tone was possible, and sensitive response.

Henry Distin, one of the great showmen of the last century, regularly toured with his family Europe as a brass quintet. Distin saw Sax's first models, realised their advantages, and even added suggestions which, coming from him, were commands. Gradually key-bugles, cornopeans, ophicleides and their like vanished from the band, to be found only in museums.

Mossley Temperance Band, their members having seen the new instruments at the Great Exhibition of 1851, were soon in treaty with Distin to secure a set of them. These enthusiasts rose at four in the morning to practise, the euphonium player, armed with a clothes-prop, acting as knocker-up. They won, in 1853, the first Belle Vue Contest, for a stake of £16!

Enthusiasm and Bets

On the great day trains were not only packed, but delayed. Mossley were thus not in time for the draw, but were allowed to "go in" eighth. The test-pieces were the band's own choices. The winners ,it is recorded, played *The Heavens are Telling,* from Haydn's *Creation.*

This was by no means the first contest. In Lancashire and Yorkshire feelings of rivalry and the opportunities provided by wakes-weeks had already provoked fierce competition. The early bouts sometimes demanded more than musical prowess: it was necessary to fight your way home with the prize, often a sheep or a hog—*sometimes, though, a player or so.*

Contests organised on a grand scale assumed the proportions of a new blood sport. Not that the bandsmen were anything but serious. It was their partisans who whooped things up. Betting ran high; and listeners grew as skilful as cup-tie crowds in spotting a player's points.

Names famous to-day began to appear: Besses o' the Barn, Black Dyke. Evils too: for as the prizes grew in value the practice extended of "borrowing" crack players at a fee. It sometimes happened that when the successful band was called upon to repeat its piece for the delectation of a vast audience, its paid experts were already on their way home; and it was not unknown that a solo cornetist, each time in a different hat, passed from band to band in the same day.

What did the bands play?

Early bands played music meant for singing. In 1838, the Besses o' the Barn played the National Anthem as their chosen piece. Next day they took the field with the florid *Hail, Smiling Morn* / The *Hallelujah Chorus* is still a grand old war-horse.

Improvement in Taste

Gradually soloists on cornet, euphonium and trombone became virtuosos, attention was turned to peak operatic arias which gave scope for trills, turns and shakes, double and triple tongueing. Yet, looking back over fifty years of contest pieces, you see the steady improvement in taste.

What contribution to music has the brass band made?

We have to remember that some of the most famous bands started from musical illiteracy. The band is still primarily a working-class institution, and an amateur one at that. Then, too, the movement, though producing its own publishers, has rather cut itself off from music in the wider sense.

Our academies do not seem to have heard about brass bands.

Yet these bands have developed a skill which, when all is considered, is scarcely surpassed by the greatest orchestra. Of late years, composers like Elgar, Holst, Bantock, Ireland, Herbert Howells, and Arthur Bliss, have felt honoured to write test-pieces for the yearly Crystal Palace Contests.

Music for All

The movement has a college of its own to which scholarships are available, but, of course, the question of time and liberty is an important factor where workers are concerned. Only when a real school of brass band music is founded shall we get the true flowering of this art, final solution of instrumental problems, experiment in new forms and new effects.

I should like to see more give and take, too, between the bands and the rest of the musical world.

There could be far more collaboration with choral societies, or visits by guest artists and guest conductors.

The B.B.C. has led the way in introducing great solo singers into band concerts. But there is a whole world of new music possible in the form of concertos—a solo fiddler, a 'cello or a clarinet playing with a brass band instead of an orchestral accompaniment.

The music isn't written? Well, somebody must write it. And why not the players themselves.

There should be far more opportunities for the boys who join the bands to learn composition, and produce their own pieces for all sorts of occasions.

The heart of the thing is sound, as will be shown at the National Brass Band Championship Festival—Royal Albert Hall, October 6—which the *Daily Herald* is sponsoring. The Second, Third and Fourth sections of the Championship Festival contests will be at Belle Vue, Manchester, on September 29.

Here is a magnificent music through which simple men have made masterworks available to millions. Our country must foster this great folk art. With the forward march of Democracy let us see the Brass Band enter its Golden Age.

"Not that the bandsmen were anything but serious. It was their partisans who whooped things up"

(*Continued from preceding page*)

"What. . . . How much do you want?" Greg asked, shuddering.

Some sort of emotion darkened, for an instant, the pale blue eyes.

"Plenty," she said. "All you've got. Money, and some help. I like to have a man handle details like this for me, while I run the office."

"You mean a . . . kind of partnership?" Greg asked almost hopefully.

"No. I mean you do what I tell you, and you get enough to live on. Decently. And that's all."

"I'll be damned if I will!" snapped Greg. "I'll . . ."

"That's what my last assistant said," she interrupted calmly. "He said he'd kill me first. But when I pointed out that the records were where the police would be sure to find them, and where he couldn't possibly get to them, he changed his mind. You will, too, Bittner. You'll do just what he did."

"What . . . what happened to him? Did he get caught?"

The blonde smiled, and the gold in her teeth flashed wickedly.

"No. He worked for me almost three years."

"And then?" Greg asked the question, but already he knew the answer.

"He couldn't take it," she said. He always carried a gun, just in case. One night he got drunk, and used it. On himself."

Greg looked at her. She stared back at him through those fat, deadly eyes.

"*You'll do just what he did,*" she said.

Greg nodded, and then he started to swear. He felt cold and sick. He slumped down in a chair and started to cry.

Bull's-eye for Mr. Bull

FOR 15 years G.W.R. shunter H. C. Bull has amused himself occasionally by working out *Bullets*. But early this year he decided to make a *weekly* pleasure of it—and the sequel was a £100 First Prize Joy Wire from Long Acre to his home at 319, Lodge Causeway, Fishponds, Bristol.

Here, from *Bullets* 1,492 result, are his winning words: Shows We're Moving—Putting Houses "In Van." And he fitted together this neat comment on housing in less than ten minutes.

Out with pen and paper, turn to the *Examples* below, and in the next 10 minutes you may well make a *Bullet* worth £200 and a grand Celebration Week-end.

Result 1,494 — First Prize £250 and Radio

A.C.1. A. STORK, R.A.F., 239, NORTH ROAD, CARDIFF.

FOR GOOD OR EVIL

EVERY THOUGHT—EVER THOUGHT?

£20 plus Souvenir Pen:
J. Turner, 28, Finchall Terrace, Primrose, Jarrow.
Easily Managed—Dusting—Until Photo's Reached.
£10 plus Souvenir Pen:
W. Riley, 5, Dalton Road, Kendal.
Everything We Want—*After* Everything We *Need*.
3 of £8:
Miss B. Clark, Lamb Road, Upperby, Cumberland.
Brains And Grit—Auntie Patting Coalman's Horse!
A. H. Hunking, Avalon, Gobowen, Salop.
The War's Over, But—There's Friction—There's "Rub."
L. Jones, 2, Frankby Road, Meols, Wirral.
Our Right—Houses—And *Right* Houses.
3 of £6:
J. Badger, 40, Queen Margaret's Road, Canley, Coventry.
World We Want—Just, Peaceable—Just Possible!
J. B. Beggs, 4, Lucerne Parade, Belfast.
What We Want—Men "Home Every Day."
W. C. Hook, 30, Cowdray Avenue, Colchester.
In Time—Spare Time—Meantime, Overtime.
3 of £4:
A. Feeney, 2, Henley Avenue, Firswood, Manchester.
Told Her A Lot—Tea-cup—Boarder Suspected Key-hole!
W. Latham, 42, Beckett Street, Lees, Nr. Oldham.
Wifey's Trouble — Wardrobe — Mine, Finding Hook!
Mrs. M. Turnbull, 11, Leithen Road, Innerleithen, Peebles.
Gave Bookie A Headache—Auntie's Bets, Then Umbrella!

A list of 25 winners of £1 and 200 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted. Additional £25 Bonus, as offered, shared by 21 winners of £1 and over.

TWO £50 CHEQUES WON IN XWORD 446. WINNING WORDS—1. Brain. 2. Gold. 3. Dude. 4. Sub. 5. Mates or Maths. 6. Beam. 7. Caddy. 8. Slade. 9. Mart. 10. Fire. 11. Place. 12. Lout. 13. Prog. 14. March.
£100 SHARERS: Mrs. Beecroft, 75, The Grove, Wheatley Hills, Doncaster; E. J. Day, 10, Ryde Place, Lee-on-Solent, Hants.
Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 13 entrants.

WIN A WEEK-END IN LONDON FOR TWO AND £200!

Following this fine 2-in-1 First Prize come £20 plus Pen, £10 plus Pen, 5 of £5, 5 of £4, 50 of 10s., 200 of 2s. 6d. and 1,500 Merit Awards.

☞ **Remember to enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope with entry, to receive *Bulletin* dated Oct. 20 with details of £50 FREE OFFER FOR "BULLETIN" READERS.**

HOW TO WIN

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

ATTLEE AND CO.
IN THE WORLD'S EYES
HOME FOR TOMMY
MORE MEN
PLEASE, MR. CHANCELLOR
WINTER'S COMING, SO
LEAN YEARS
FRIGHTENING
SMILING THROUGH
BACK ON THE ROAD
STORM BREWING
WISE PARSON
ALL DAY LONG
FOR HUBBY
DRIFTING AND DREAMING
SHOCKING RACKET
ON THE BUS
BREATHING FREELY
SAVED HENPECK
QUIET AS A MOUSE

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

NO GOOD TO.....MOTTO
WITH ..... APPROVAL
PERFECT.....
IN DANGER OF.....
SHE LOVES.....; BUT

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best **Bullet** received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in **Bullets** shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two **Bullets**, or 1s. to cover four. Two free **Bullets** allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Oct. 27, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON: "BULLETS" No. 1,498, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

Signed.....

Address .....

.....

2 FREE "BULLETS"
With 4 "Bullets" you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon size.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
"BULLETS" No. 1,498
CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, Oct. 8.

For £50 "BULLETIN" (OCT. 20), ENCLOSE 2½d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENV.

write to JOHN BULL about it

It's Never Too Late for Education

Curing a Stay-in-Bed. Medical training for working-class boys. Celebration party lost a job. Travelling Expenses and Income Tax

"WHEN A SCHOOLBOY, I was top of the class for years and might have won a scholarship, but my parents were against it. I was pitched into the first job that came along. And here I am, at the age of thirty, a labourer.

"My failure is largely my own fault. I might have been studying during the last few years instead of spending my leisure time in loafing about. At last I have made up my mind to get a move on. I should like to go in for engineering.

"Are there any age limits for persons wishing to attend evening classes at a technical college? What is the procedure of joining? Would it suit me better to take a correspondence course?"

It's never too late to make a new start. I am glad you have the urge at last. You can join evening classes at any age. There is no limit. As for the procedure, you have only to walk in and state your wishes. You will be enrolled without delay. If evening classes are not already advertised in your area, ask at your nearest town hall.

I think it is better in your case to join a class. Working by correspondence is a lonely business, and as you say you have been "loafing about" during the last few years you may often be tempted to slack and to put it aside for another time. Your letter proves that you have ability. What you need now is stickability in order to make good.

"IS THERE ANYTHING you can suggest to make a boy get out of bed on time in the mornings? I am off to work before my son has to be called. My wife wakens him at the right time and he promises to get out at once, but always he drops off to sleep again. He is sixteen years old and is at work. He has been reprimanded about late arrival more than once."

I should like to know more about the cause of the trouble. The boy may go to bed too late. He may read till the early hours instead of going to sleep. He may have some worry which keeps him awake half the night.

Very often the trouble is psychological. Subconsciously such people like their dream world and don't want to get up to face life. And if there is no special personal problem, this often means that they don't want to face the work which lies before them.

It may be that your son is in the wrong sort of occupation. If he were really interested in his work he would get up with eagerness. Your son is only just beginning his life. If he is in the wrong job I suggest that you give him every opportunity to change to something he really likes. You will almost certainly find that he not only gets up in the morning, but has more enthusiasm for life in general.

"DOES THE EDUCATION ACT provide a grant sufficient to allow children of working-class parents to follow a medical course at a university?"

If a boy has the right qualities for making a good doctor or surgeon, he will be given the type of secondary education for which he

is fitted, and this will be free. He will have opportunities of winning scholarships that will enable him to go to a university. Altogether, there are eighteen universities granting degrees in medicine, surgery and midwifery.

But this is not the whole story. The training can be covered by scholarships, but it lasts a full seven years. And it must be remembered that the lad will be well past twenty-one before he earns a penny.

I advise you to get the Ministry of Labour's pamphlet, No. 32, on "Medicine and Surgery," obtainable from H.M. Stationery Office, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, price 4d.

"I AM THE FATHER of three boys in the Services. One was killed, a second was wounded at Arnhem and taken prisoner, the third is going to the Far East.

"I have been managing a small hotel. When one of my sons came home on leave he wanted to have a little party to celebrate. The public-houses in this part of the country are closed on Sundays, and so I thought it would be the best day to have it.

"It was a private party, but the police came in and issued summonses. I was fined, and the firm asked me to tender my resignation. I have now left there.

"I have tried hard to get a job as steward and my wife as stewardess. We did this kind of work for years before this happened. But we can't get this kind of employment. We are without a home and seem to be up against a stone wall."

You have been very unfortunate and you have my sympathy. But the court's decision went against you and there is nothing to be gained by brooding on what is past. My immediate interest is in your future.

It strikes me as odd that you and your wife cannot get a job together of the kind you want. Daily papers carry plenty of advertisements for man and wife, and in practically every case the problem of finding a home is solved automatically.

£100 XWORD CASH

£100 FIRST PRIZE. Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. As women grow older, their complexions are more commonly this—FA□ED. 2. Election candidate's will hearten his supporters—□LOW. 3. Black this isn't necessarily of inferior quality—BRE□D. 4. Even experts may have great difficulty in forging some of these—ME□ALS. 5. Used in preparing coffee—MIL□. 6. May possibly splutter when crossed—N□B. 7. There often proves to be a catch in this—□ET. 8. Size of this often has bearing on use made of it—MES□. 9. Advance of science may perhaps result in man controlling this—□AIN. 10. Depends on slickness for success—WI□E. 11. Mother may feel like shaking them—□ATS. 12. Visitor on holiday may well get this if it's raining—MA□. 13. To do this may cause a draught—WIN□OW. 14. A great many children have grown this during the war years—FA□TER.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated Oct. 20 with £50 FREE OFFER, enclose 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing Postmark—**MONDAY, Oct. 8.**

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 446, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Xword No 446 Result below "Bullets" Winners.

Pension Appeals

H. C., Crewe: The period which elapses between the lodging of an appeal and its hearing by the Appeal Tribunal varies according to the type of case. Preference is given to cases in which an early decision is specially desirable, such as appeals by widows or by seriously disabled men and women. Where the disablement is comparatively slight or a pension is already in payment, a longer period is necessarily involved in view of the difficulties of man-power. As the position in this respect eases every endeavour will be made to speed up the submission of cases to the Tribunals.

C. W., Reading: You cannot claim any allowance in respect of your motor-car or other travelling expenses incurred by you for the purpose of going to and from your place of work. The only travelling expenses allowed are those incurred by reason of change of residence or place of employment due to the war.

A. L., Eastbourne: The fact that a retailer does not sell soap would not be regarded by itself as sufficient reason for allowing a transfer of registration for sugar. Soap may, of course, be obtained from retailers other than grocers.

D. K., Isleworth: As you have not been resident in the United Kingdom for twelve years in all since attaining the age of fifty, you are not at present entitled to old age pension under the Old Age Pensions Act, 1936.

C. H., Sunbury: You can claim unemployment benefit all the time you can satisfy the condition that at least thirty unemployment contributions have been paid in respect of you during the two years preceding the date of claiming benefit.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

THE CONJURER

He palms the coins, he palms the cards—
He'll palm a glass of beer.
And when he's home,
you ought to see
PALM' Toffee disappear.

"Walters' Palm" TOFFEE

The dirge of the drainpipe

"Only SHERWOODS PAINT can save me now"

Sherwoods Paints Ltd. Barking, Essex
Established 1777

EVERY Eye Is On Her HAIR

She always uses HARLENE Preparations to keep her Hair looking lovely.

HARLENE
Hair Grower & Tonic
Camomile Golden Hair Wash
Camomile Shampoo Powders
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Wave Setting Lotion
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HARLENE

From all Chemists and Stores

58 Gough St., London, W.C.1.

ONE TON for 1'6

Ready in 6 weeks

Pea and Potato haulms, hedge cuttings, lawn mowings, cabbage stalks, all weeds and garden waste, should be turned into rich manure—not burnt. FERTOSAN does this in six weeks. No heap turning.

Trial packet 1/9 post free.

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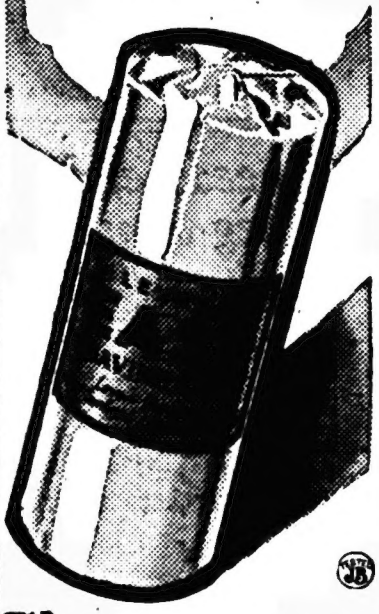
BUY HIM A SHARPEX STROPPER

WARTIME Pifco SHARPEX
RAZOR BLADE SHARPENER
Obtainable at Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, and all good-class Chemists
4/6

THAT RICH, QUICK LATHER softens your beard and takes the strain off your razor blade



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So Soft . . . So Safe
So Secure

SENTINEL
ALL COTTON WOOL
SANITARY TOWELS
In four sizes 1, 2, 3 & 4 (maternity).
Also KUMFEX Soluble.
(All with loop ends).
From all chemists, drapers and stores.
Splendor Ltd., Nottingham
Baby and Sanitary Wear Manufacturers.

Young or old.
COUGH or COLD
Can't do better than get some....

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 1/3

I SMELL PINEAPPLE

What *does* pineapple smell like? We've practically forgotten. But our Noses will soon recognise it when they return—unless we've got Catarrh. For a stuffed-up Nose *can't* smell. And Catarrh ruins the joy of taste, too. Treat Catarrh and Colds the *quick* way—with 'Mentholatum.' Just put a little of this breathable balm inside each nostril. As you breathe, cooling antiseptic vapours are drawn right up through the Nose. Their effect is 3-fold. Swelling in the Nose is reduced. Congested air passages are thus opened. Sore, irritated membranes are soothed. *Breathe* your Catarrh or Cold away the modern 'Mentholatum' way. Get a jar or tin of 'Mentholatum' Balm from your chemists to-day. 1/5. Also in liquid form 1/6 (inc. tax).

NIP COLDS IN THE BUD

The National drive to stop coughs and colds has brought one old and trusted recipe into greater favour than ever. It is the "Parmint" recipe, known as probably the quickest of all ways to get rid of a cold or cough.

Once you had to make it up yourself. Now chemists everywhere keep Parmint Syrup made up, bottled and ready for use.

It is really astonishing how effective this syrup is. Take it in good time and a single dose will often stop the cold before it develops. It's particularly good for children. It soothes and eases little throats and chests and gets them well in no time. Besides, they actually like its flavour.

Be wise. Get a bottle of Parmint Syrup from your chemist to-day and keep it handy. 1/5 the bottle, including tax.

NOTE.—If through shortage of bottles your chemist has run out of Parmint Syrup, get a 3/1½ bottle of Parmint Concentrated Essences and make up a big supply yourself.

FOOD FACTS No. 271

New SOAP Rationing Scheme

From September 16th coupons will be cut out of your ration book when you buy soap. The old panel 1 (Soap) on the back page will not be used any more.

THE NEW COUPON

to be used for soap will be in the set marked "K" on page 5 of your ration book. An upright pair of two squares will form one whole coupon. The whole coupon must be cut out each time.

There will thus be two whole coupons for each four-week period, but the total ration will be unchanged. The first coupon to be used will be the upright pair of squares numbered 9 and 10 in the large square No. 3. The next coupon will be the pair numbered 11 and 12 and so on. These numbers correspond to the numbers of the rationing weeks.

The whole coupon in the *Buff General book* (R.B.1) and the *Blue Junior book* (R.B.4) will be worth two rations of soap except the ones bearing the numbers 13 and 14; 21 and 22; 29 and 30; 37 and 38; 45 and 46; which will be worth only one ration. The coupons in the *Child's Green book* (R.B.2) will all be worth two rations.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR OTHER RATION DOCUMENTS

Holders of Ration cards R.B.7 2 and R.B.8R and the Ration book R.B.6 will use the coupons marked "K" which will be cut out. Each coupon will be worth one soap ration.

Holders of Form R.G.42 will use the coupon "Special Two" starting with No. 9. This will be cut out and will be worth one soap ration. This means coupons 27–32 will disappear, but another form will be available from the Food Office when the time comes. N.A.A. coupons will be surrendered to retailers as usual and each will be worth one ration.

POINTS CHANGES

4-week period No. 2 Sept. 16th to Oct. 13th

DOWN—CANNED STEWED STEAK—In container or loose from 20 to 12 per lb.
CANNED MEAT AND VEGETABLE—From 8 to 6 per lb.

UP—CANNED PORK SAUSAGE MEAT—In container or loose from 8 to 12 per lb.
CHOCOLATE BISCUITS—From 12 to 16 per lb.

NEW Breakfast Cereals distributed in certain areas. GLENMAR PUFFED WHEAT—2 points per 8 oz. container. GRAPE NUTS—3 points per 12 oz. container.

No change in points coupon values—A-1; B-2; C-2; D-1; E-2.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. 271

THEY WANT TO BE LIKE ME!

Essex,
March 17th, 1945

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must write to let you know the great benefit I am still deriving since first taking your wonderful Yeast-Vite tablets. I am now 72.

10 years ago I suffered from rheumatism, neuritis, and nerves. At that time I decided to try Yeast-Vite, and after a few weeks I began to feel much better. I am very pleased to say that from that time right up to the present I have been free from pain. My workmates say they want to be like me when they are 72.

I am still working fairly hard, 8 hours a day. I sleep and eat well and feel much younger than I really am. I shall continue to take Yeast-Vite tablets. I always recommend them to everyone.

(Sgd.) H.B.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatic pains, Nerve pains, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation — go to your chemist TO-DAY for a 1/4 or 3/3 size YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets. (Prices include purchase tax). Owing to the great public demand for Yeast-Vite, and the shortage of bottles, emergency packs must still be used.

Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford.

THIS WORK EARNS THE SERVICES' THANKS

To thousands of men and women, still serving in the Forces, the canteen is the next best thing to home. In its friendly service of good cheer and relaxation, so essential to the Forces' welfare, there is a job for *you*. Naafi, the official canteen organisation, urgently needs managaresses and assistants, counter assistants and workers in certain specialised trades for service at home and overseas. *Apply NOW to your local Employment Exchange.* They will give you full details, and will tell you if there is a vacancy in an area where you are prepared to work and (if you are now in employment) whether you can obtain release.

SERVE THE SERVICES IN NAAFI

Brian is *always* lively

His energy and spirits are amazing. Simply bubbling over with life. Keeps you "on the go."

But you would rather have him that way than peevish, cross and poorly! Mother certainly knows best when she gives an ailing child 'California Syrup of Figs.' When bilious, sick or constipated, this natural laxative quickly corrects upsets of the system and the little one is soon "as right as ninepence."

"California Syrup of Figs"

Silvikrin

DOES GROW HAIR

The demand for Silvikrin preparations is greater than the stocks available and is likely to remain so until conditions are easier. So use Silvikrin carefully—make it go as far as possible.

SILVIKRIN LABORATORIES LONDON N.10
Sorry, no orders by post. Please.

FIRST FOR FITNESS!

No dog too big, no dog too small—no dog too young, no dog too old—for Benbow's. This 'conditioner of champions' is a liquid preparation of purely vegetable origin and containing no harmful drugs. For more than a century leading Kennels throughout the world have relied on Benbow's to produce all-round fitness for exhibition and for sport. In addition to its regular use as a conditioner it is a most valuable medicine in all cases of Distemper, Eczema, Mange, Worms, and other doggy ailments.

AT CHEMISTS & CORN MERCHANTS.

BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE

CHANGE TO

COLGATE *Brushless* SHAVE CREAM

FOR QUICKER SMOOTHER COOLER SHAVES

Just leave your face wet. Spread on a film of Colgate Brushless. Shave it off—like lightning without sting or burn! 1/6 & 2/6 Including Tax

HARDER TO GET NOW—BUT WORTH IT WHEN YOU DO

The remedy for Constipation & its worries ...

Only those who have suffered from constipation can realise the depression it may cause. This tendency to worry is just as much a result of constipation as the familiar sick headache or stomach upset. But if you take Beecham's Pills to encourage a thorough but gentle bowel action, you will banish both the cause of the symptoms and the worry that goes with them.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

Beecham's Pills

Speedy end to leg trouble

Some skin ailments are mere surface irritations. But troubles which are more deep-seated—such as leg trouble, burns, scalds, put the healing power of Germolene to real test. A dressing of Germolene banishes agony, soothes away burning irritation, cleans up dangerous septic conditions protects against re-infection, and brings new skin. If your skin needs Germolene, get a tin today!

In case of 1/4 and 3/3 including Purchase Tax.

INFLAMMATION, BURNS, BLISTERS, SPOTS, RASHES.

use **Germolene** ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Soothes at a touch—Heals your skin again!

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